

THE
HAWK



the HAWK



No. 3
NOV.-DEC.

Scourge of Desert Badmen

10c

Madman's Empire...

**LEVERETT'S
LAST STAND**

Gunslingers' Trail...

**DRY RIVER
RAMPAGE**

Desert Justice... **DEAD MAN'S VENGEANCE**



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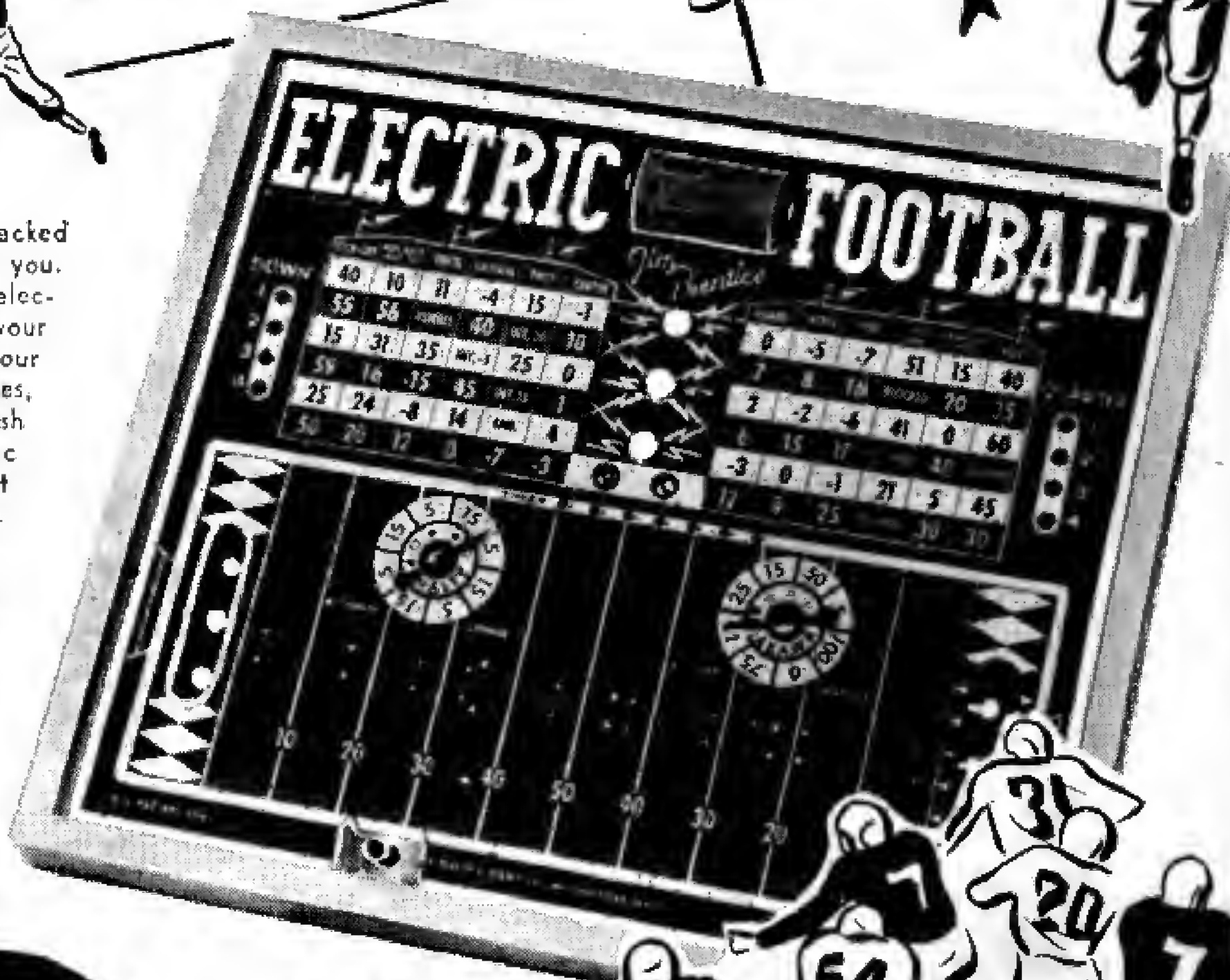


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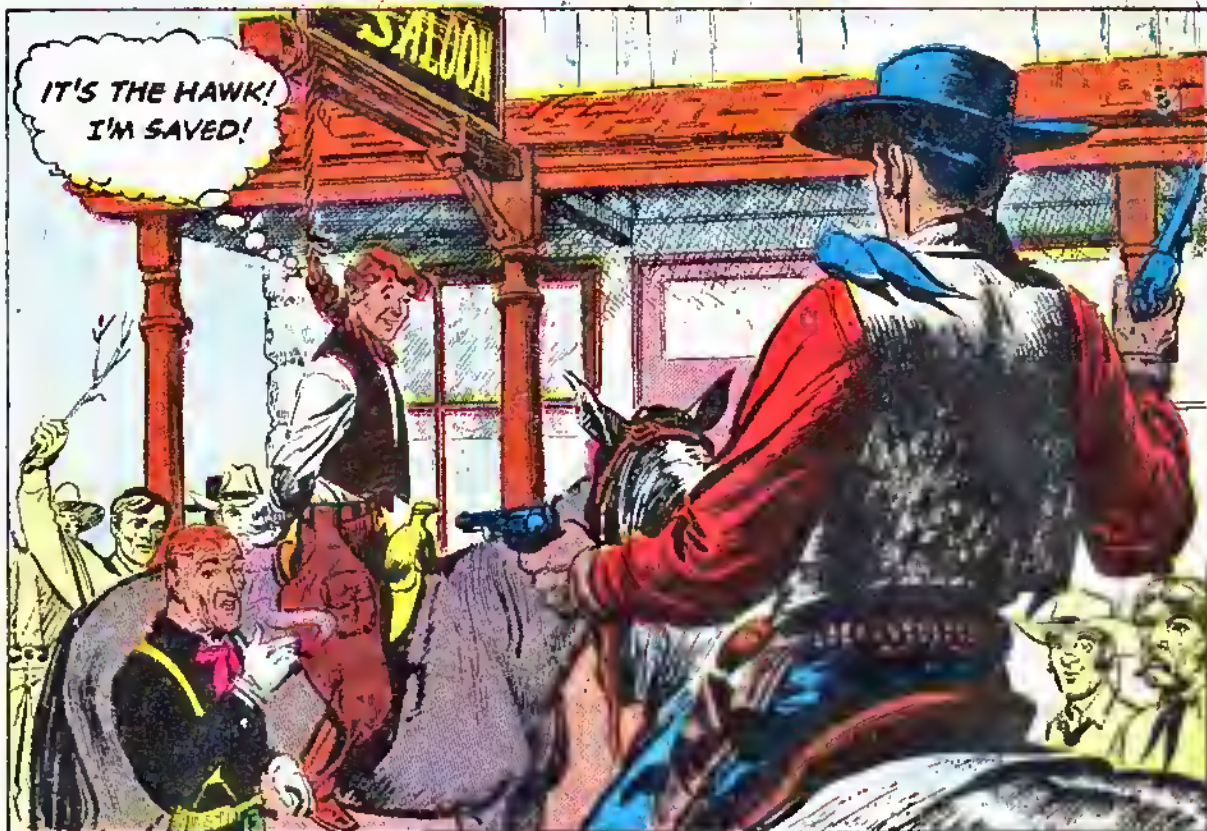


the HAWK

in

Dead Man's Vengeance!

OUT OF THE SUN BAKED DESERT COMES THE HAWK TO STAMPEDE A LAWLESS LYNCH PARTY AND MAKE A MASQUERADING OWLHOOT FEEL A ...



A ALONE IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE "OASIS" SALOON, A MAN WAITS...



S UDDENLY A CURTAIN PARTS...

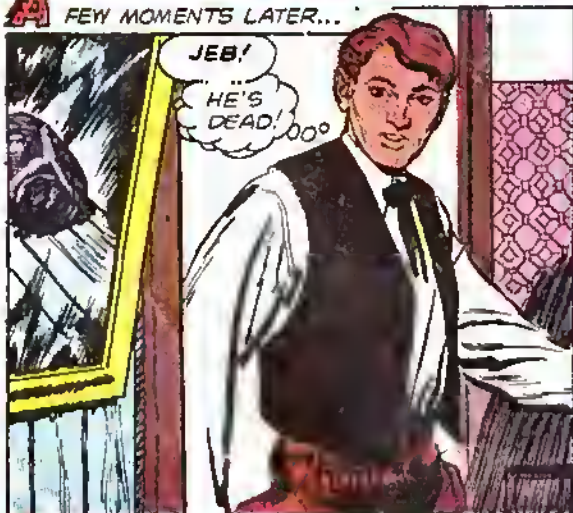




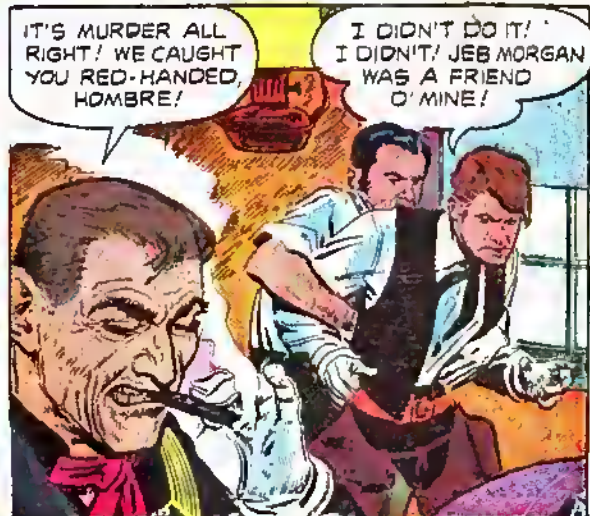
NOISILY, THE
DEATH-DEALING
GUN LANDS AT THE
VICTIM'S FEET...

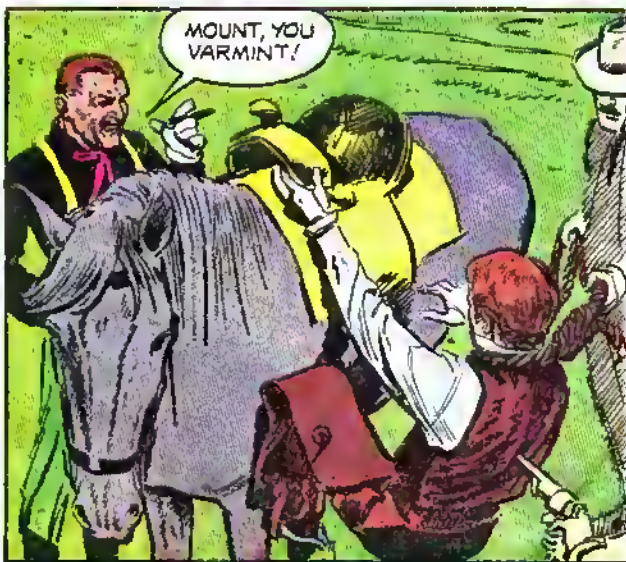


A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



SUDDENLY THE RUSH OF MANY FEET IS HEARD...

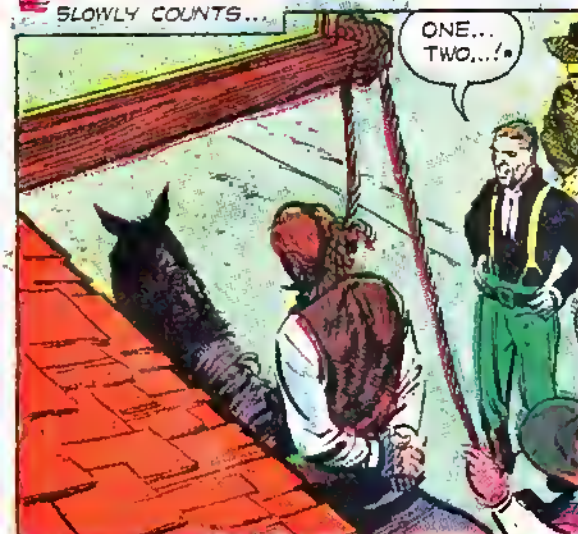




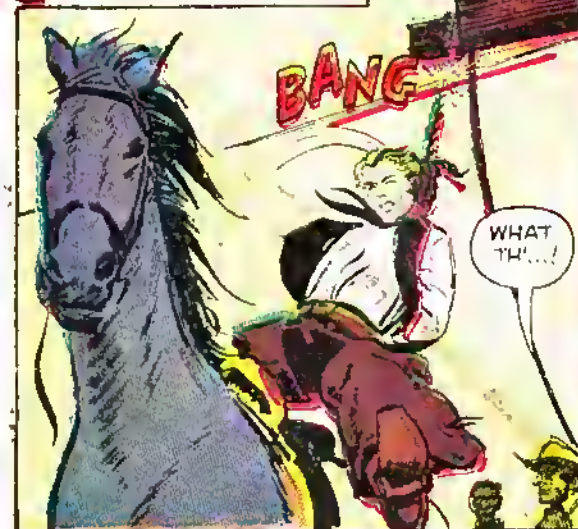
HASTILY, WITH CRUDE SKILL, PREPARATIONS ARE MADE TO SNUFF OUT A MAN'S LIFE...



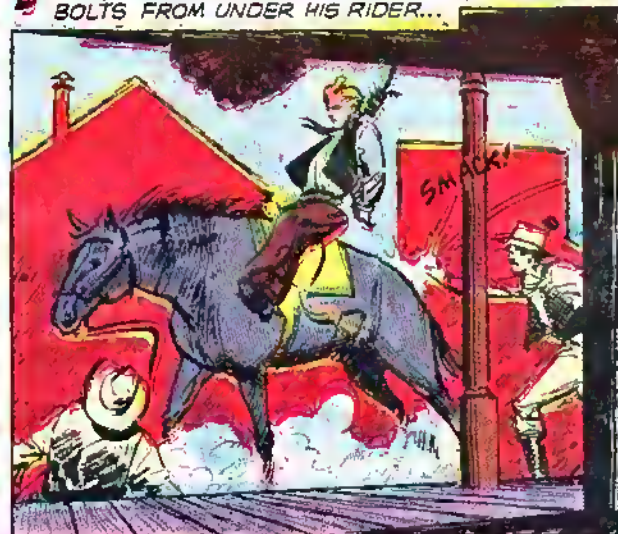
EACH SECOND IS AN ETERNITY, AS CATLETT SLOWLY COUNTS...



BUT SUDDENLY... A SHOT!



THE HORSE FEELS THE STINGING BLOW... AND BOLTS FROM UNDER HIS RIDER...



YOU CAN'T INTERFERE HERE, HAWK! I'M CATLETT... HEAD OF RED CITY'S VIGILANTES! WE WERE HANGIN' A KILLER!

DID HE HAVE A FAIR TRIAL?

HE DIDN'T NEED NONE! WE CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED, DIDN'T WE, BOYS?

SHORE DID!

I ADMIT I WAS HOLDIN' THE GUN! I HAD JEST PICKED IT UP, BUT I DIDN'T KILL JES! HE WAS MY FRIEND!

I SEE! WHERE DID THIS KILLING TAKE PLACE?

RIGHT IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE "OASIS" NOW GIT ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS, HAWK! WE'RE RUNNIN' THIS TOWN!

ALL RIGHT, IF YOU TURN THE PRISONER OVER TO YOUR SHERIFF!

RED CITY AIN'T BIG-ENOUGH TO NEED A SHERIFF! WE CAN TAKE CARE OF THE LAW!

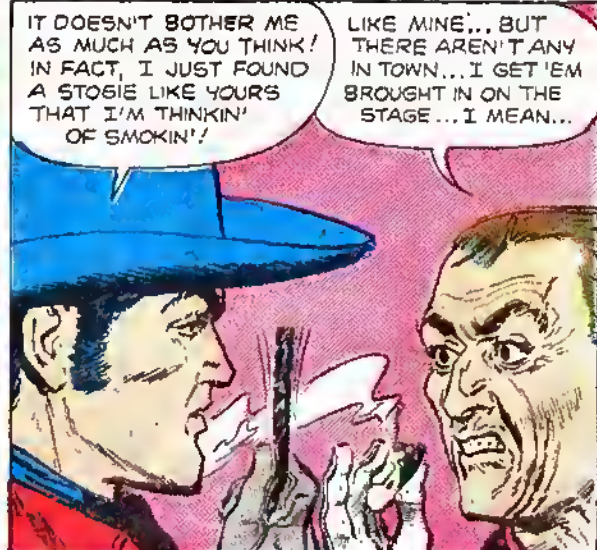
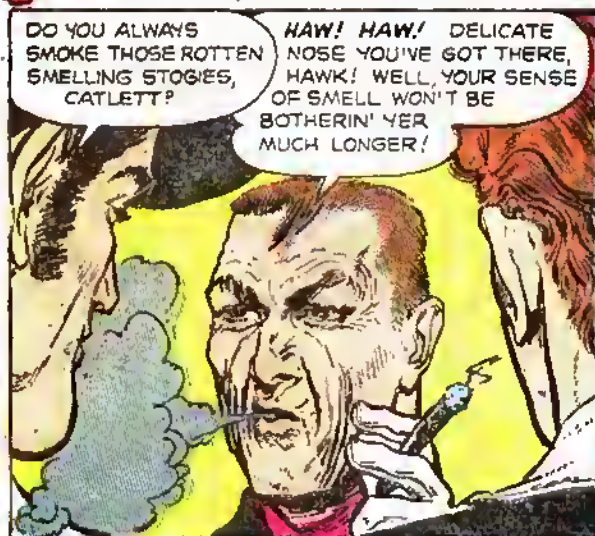
SO I SEE! BUT AS A UNITED STATES MARSHAL, IT'S MY JOB TO SEE THAT LYNCH LAW ISN'T CARRIED OUT! I'LL TAKE THE PRISONER WITH ME!

HOSTILE EYES FOLLOW THE HAWK AS HE MAKES HIS WAY INTO THE "OASIS" SALOON...

ARE WE GONNA STAND HERE AND LET THE HAWK DO AS HE DARN PLEASES... OR ARE WE GOIN' TER SHOW HIM WE KIN RUN THIS TOWN?

WE'RE WITH YER, CATLETT, IF YER WANT TER RUN HIM OUT!

IN A FEW MINUTES, THE HAWK RETURNS...



CATLETT GOT AWAY! I SAW HIM HEAD OUT OF TOWN ON HIS HOSS!

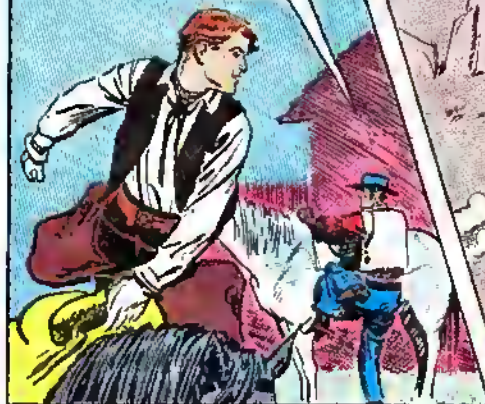
HE WON'T GET FAR!

INTO THE BURNING DESERT, THE HAWK AND SLADE PURSUE THEIR QUARRY...

THIS IS THE WAY HE WENT ALL RIGHT! THESE ARE FRESH TRACKS!

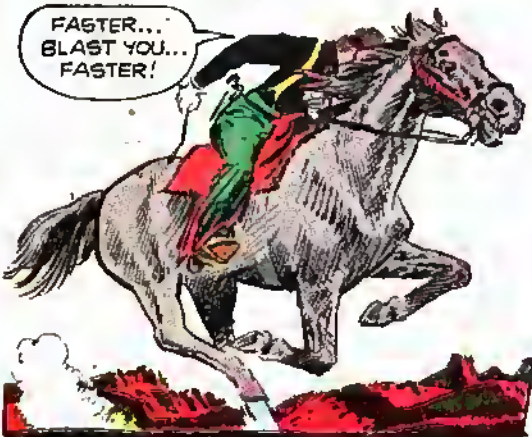
IN THE MEANTIME...

THEY'RE AFTER ME! IT MUST BE THE HAWK AND SLADE! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!

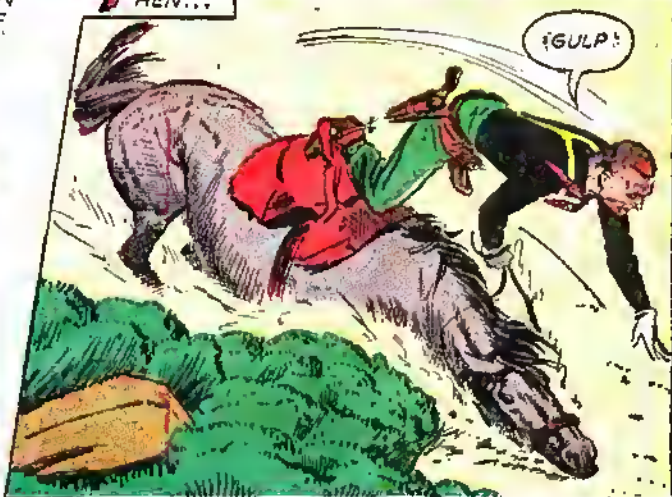


FRANTICALLY, CATLETT URGES HIS HORSE ON UNDER THE BLAZING SUN TO THE LIMITS OF THE BEAST'S STRENGTH...

FASTER...
BLAST YOU...
FASTER!

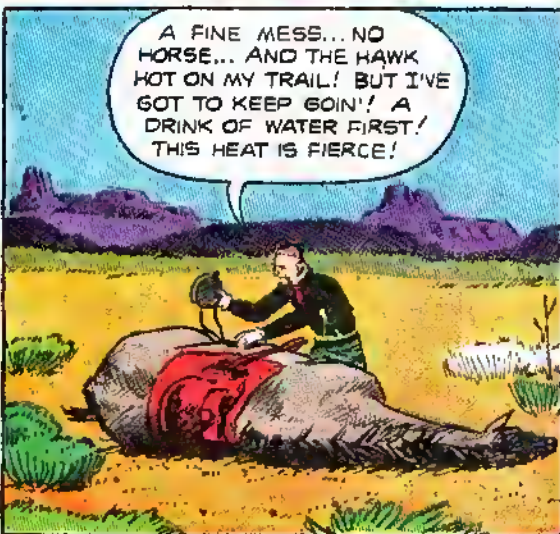


THEN...



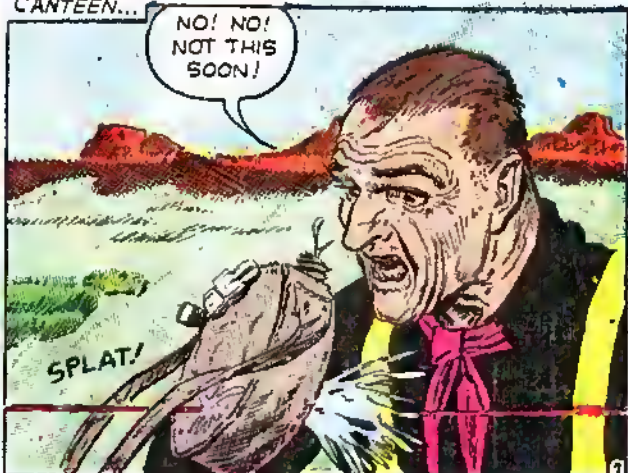
!GULP!

A FINE MESS... NO HORSE... AND THE HAWK HOT ON MY TRAIL! BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP GOIN'! A DRINK OF WATER FIRST! THIS HEAT IS FIERCE!

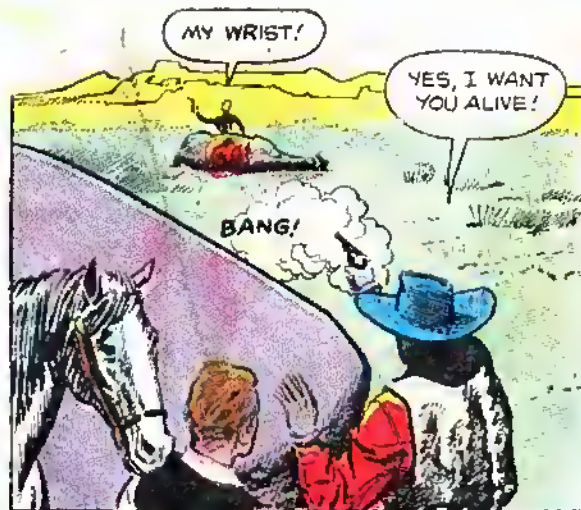
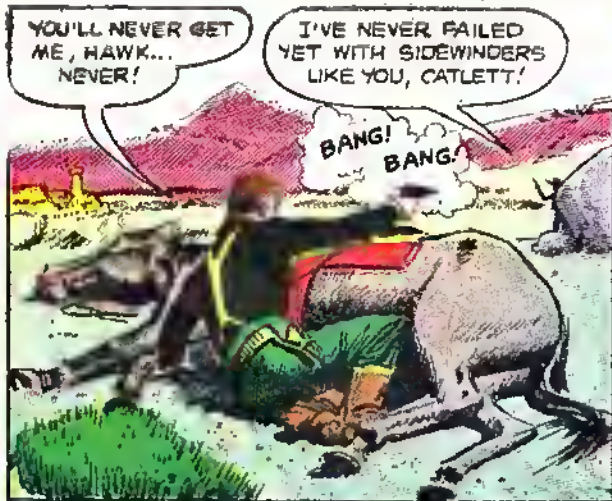


ONCE AGAIN, THE SUDDEN SOUND OF A SHOT... AND WATER STREAMS OUT OF THE BULLET-PUNCTURED CANTEEN...

NO! NO!
NOT THIS
SOON!

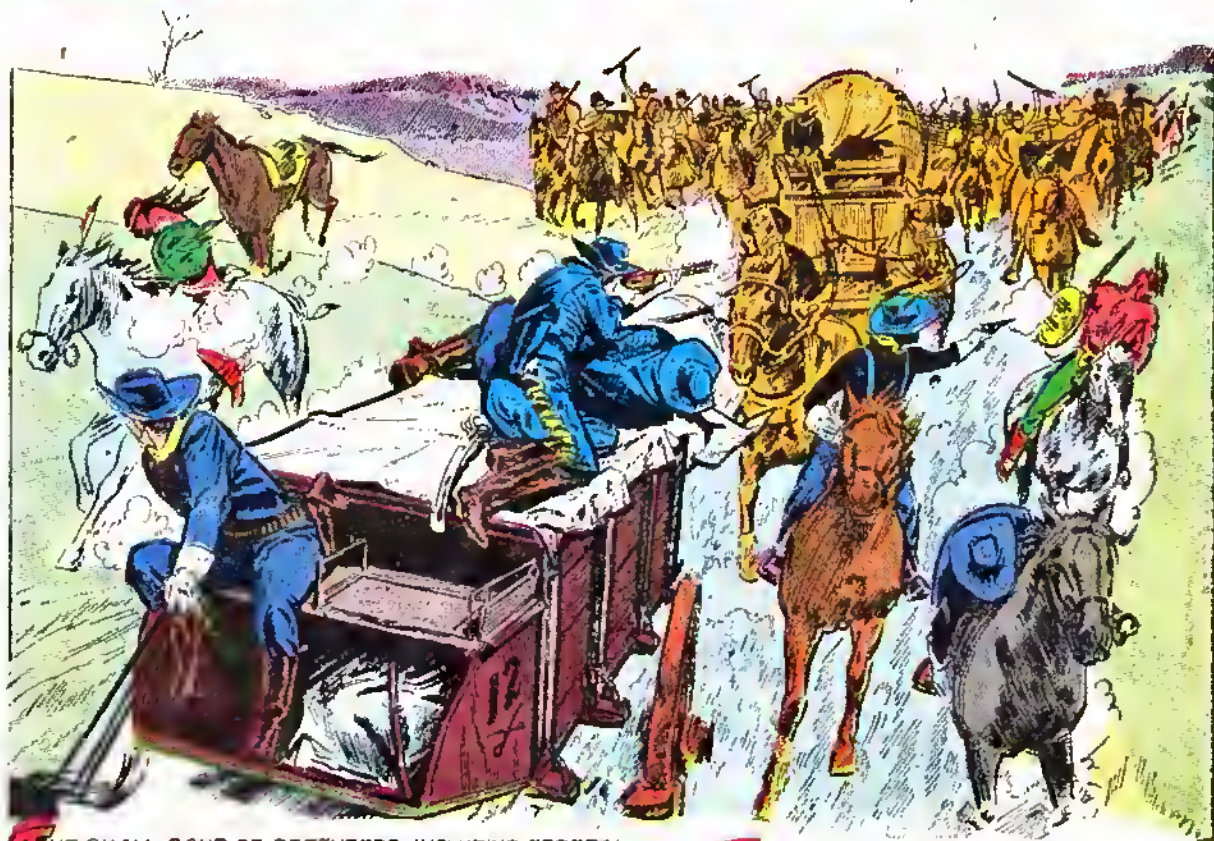


SPLAT!



the **HAWK** in **LEVERETT'S LAST STAND**

AN ARMY MUNITIONS TRAIN CRAWLS SLEEPILY ACROSS THE FLAT WASTELAND OF THE NEW MEXICAN DESERT. SUDDENLY, THE STILL, DRY AIR IS PIERCED BY A BLOOD-CURLING SCREAM... THE WAR CRY OF THE APACHE! THE LANDSCAPE IS BLOTCHED OUT BY HUNDREDS OF WILD-RIDING HORSEMEN, BY THE SMOKE OF BATTLE... AND THE PEACEFUL SILENCE DESTROYED BY THE PITIFUL WAILS OF DYING MEN!

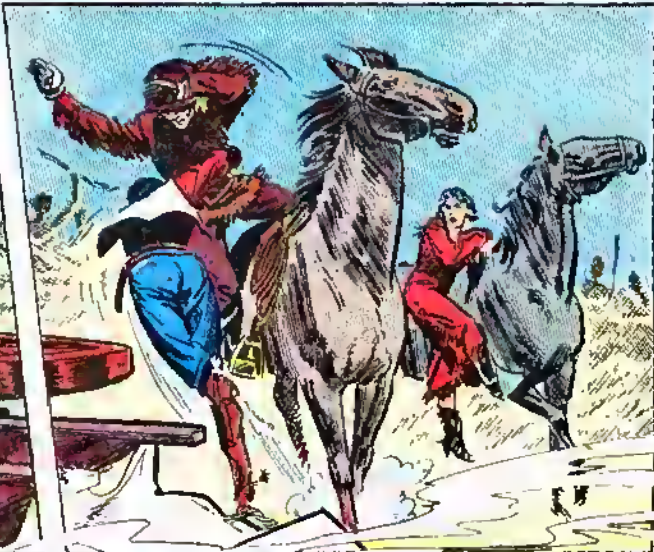
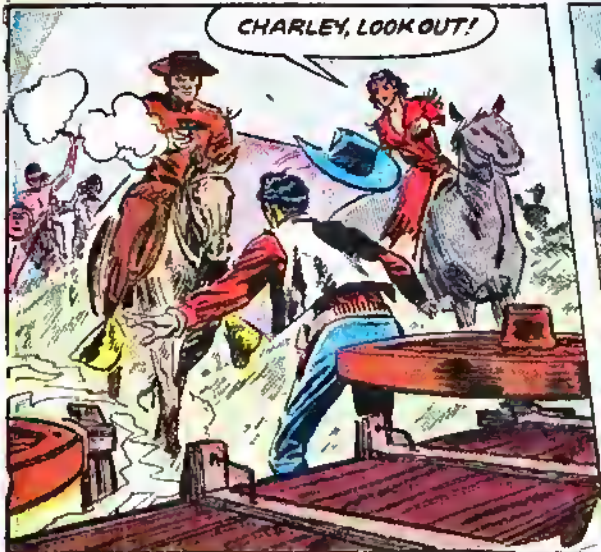


THE SMALL BAND OF DEFENDERS, INCLUDING FEDERAL MARSHAL BOB HARDIE, BETTER KNOWN AS **THE HAWK**, PUTS UP A VALIANT DEFENSE, BUT...

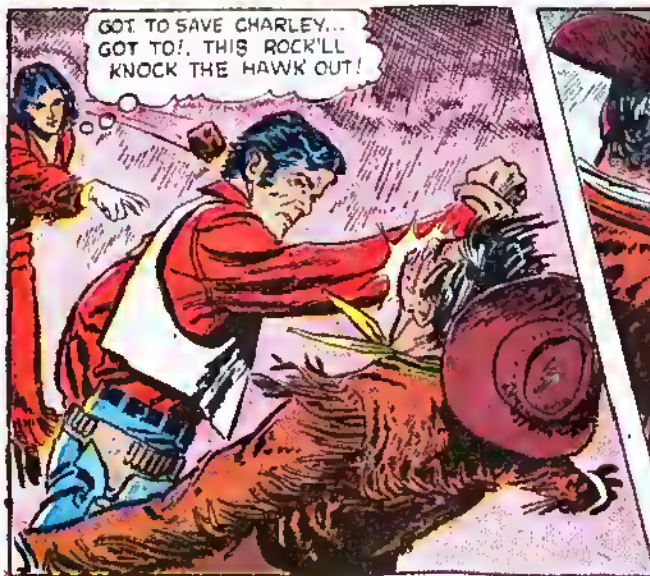
THE MUNITIONS TRAIN IS FORCED TO A HALT. CHARLIE LEVERETT AND MAMIE TEMPLE LEADING THE APACHES, HEAD FOR THE HAWK...



CHARLEY, LOOK OUT!

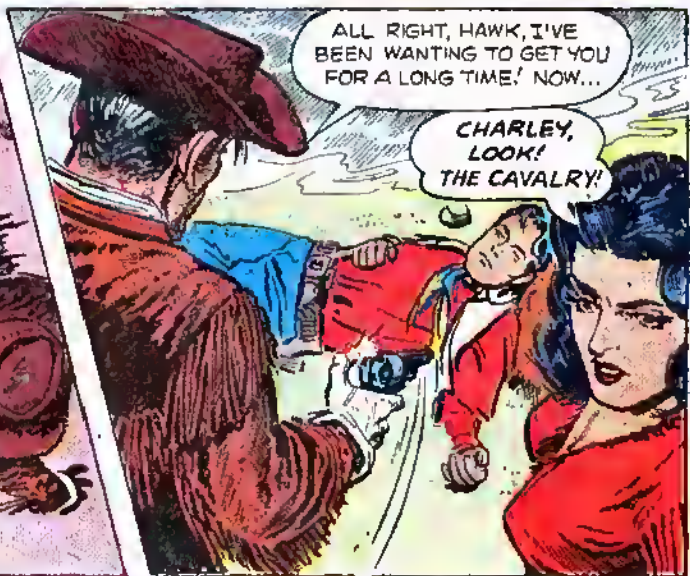


GOT TO SAVE CHARLEY...
GOT TO! THIS ROCK'LL
KNOCK THE HAWK OUT!

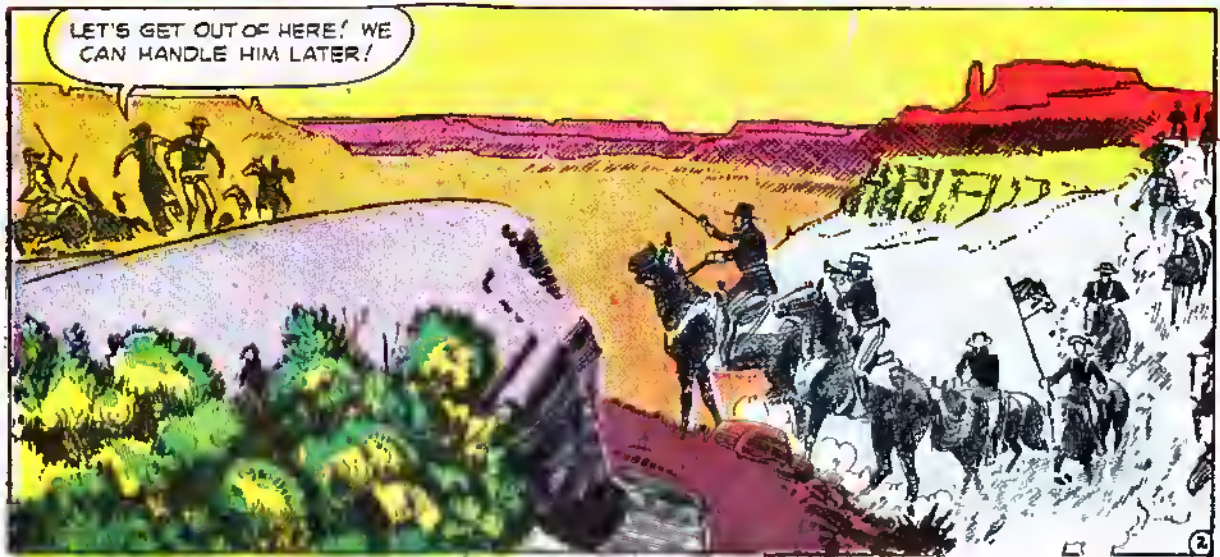


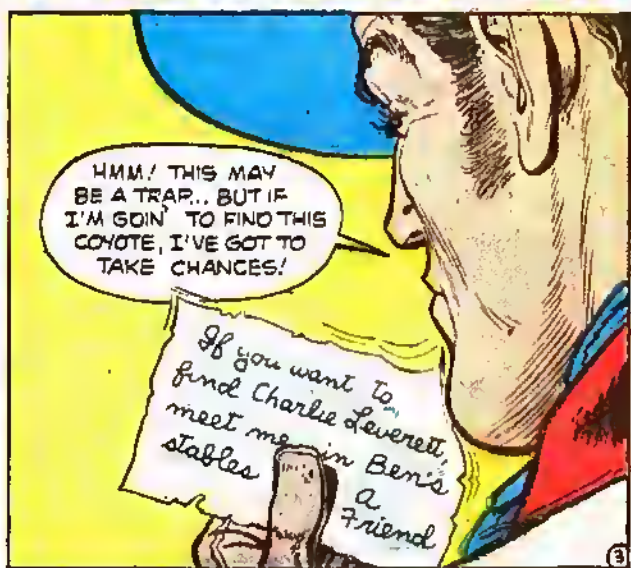
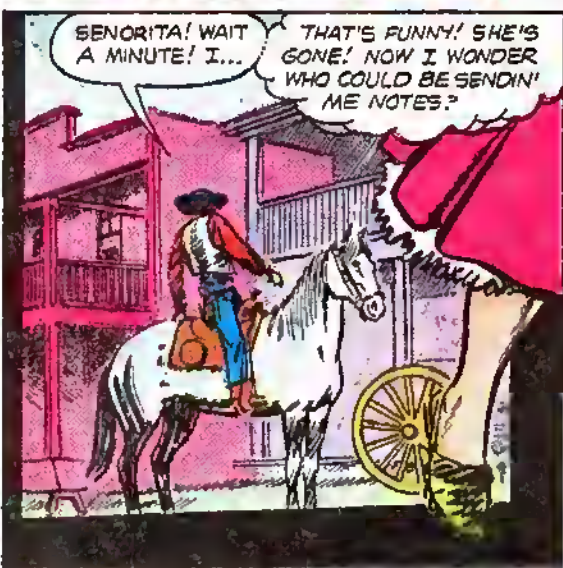
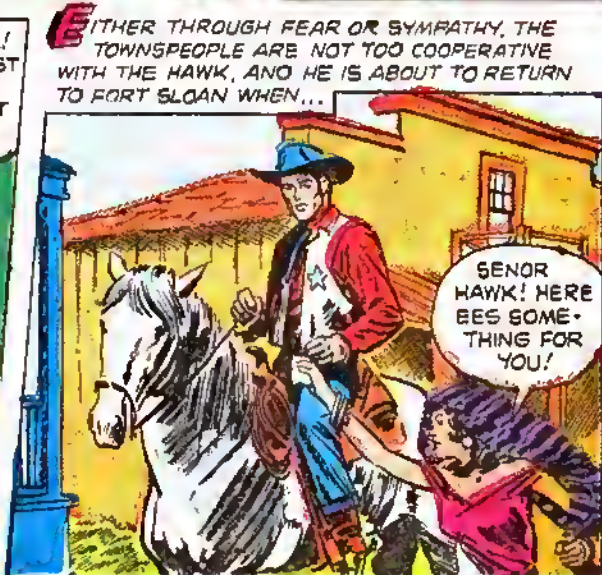
ALL RIGHT, HAWK, I'VE
BEEN WANTING TO GET YOU
FOR A LONG TIME! NOW...

CHARLEY,
LOOK!
THE CAVALRY!



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! WE
CAN HANDLE HIM LATER!





AND SO, A SHORT WHILE LATER...

THERE DON'T
SEEM...

ALL RIGHT,
HAWK, REACH!

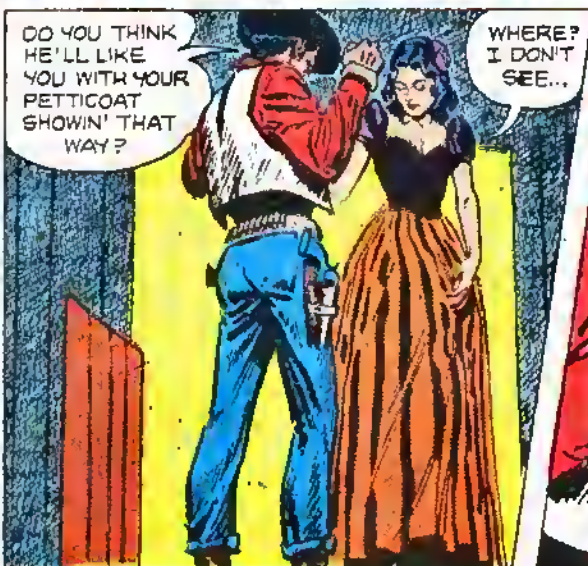


YOU WERE LOOKING FOR
CHARLEY, EH? WELL, HE'LL BE
ALONG IN A FEW MINUTES!



DO YOU THINK
HE'LL LIKE
YOU WITH YOUR
PETTICOAT
SHOWIN' THAT
WAY?

WHERE?
I DON'T
SEE...



DROP IT!

WHY, YOU...!

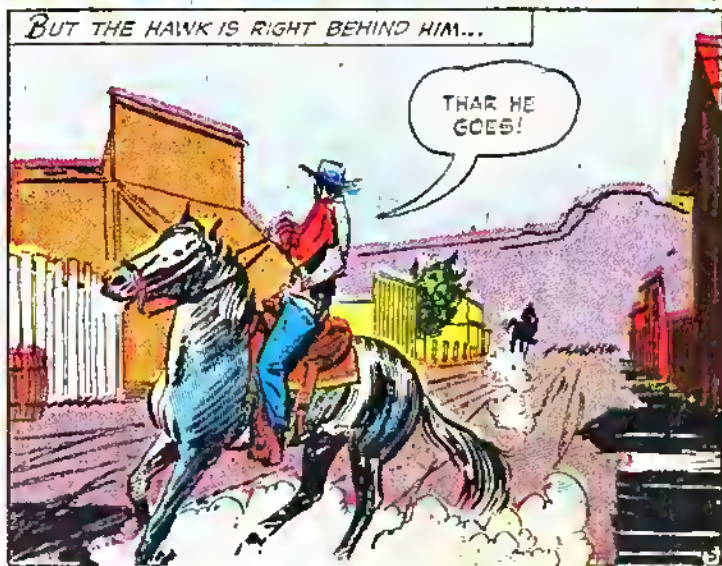
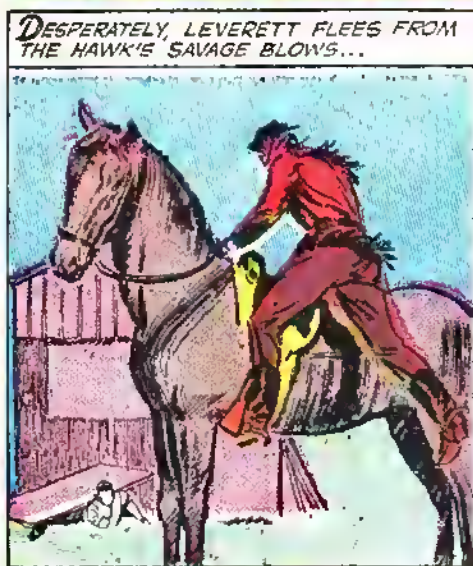
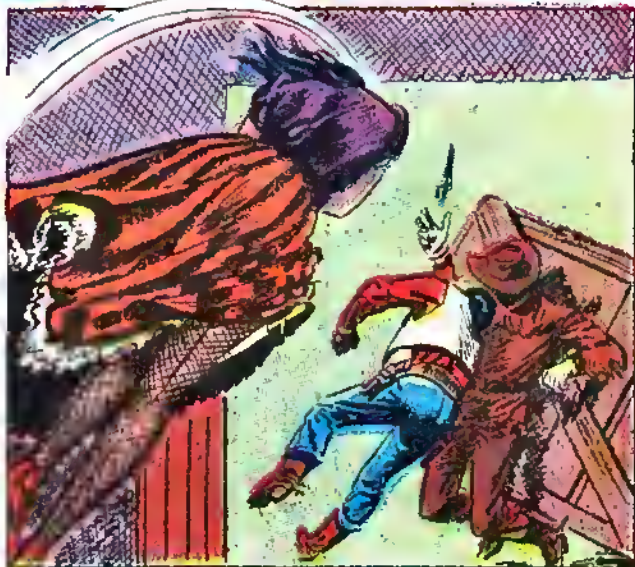


YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT,
HAWK! I WAS JUST GOING TO
OFFER YOU AN ATTRACTIVE
PROPOSITION! I LIKE THE
WAY YOU HANDLE
YOURSELF! YOU'VE
GOT BRAINS!

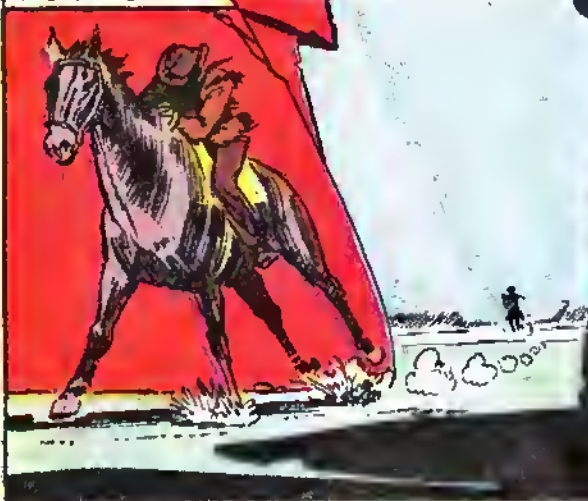


YOU AND I COULD
GO PLACES OUT IN
THIS COUNTRY! I
THOUGHT I COULD DO
SOMETHING WITH
CHARLEY, BUT HE'S
NOT HALF THE
MAN YOU ARE!

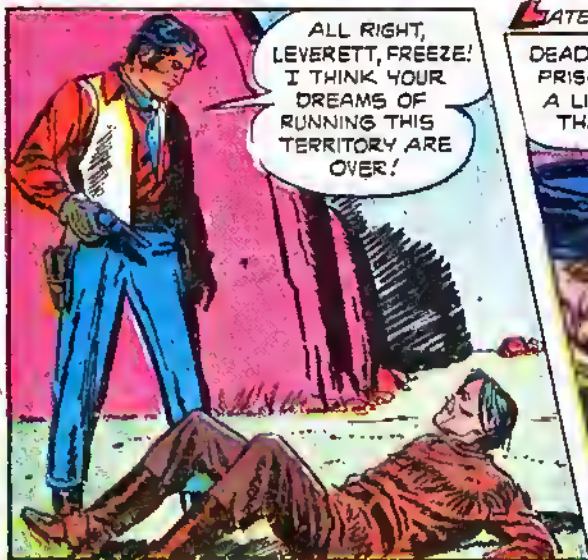
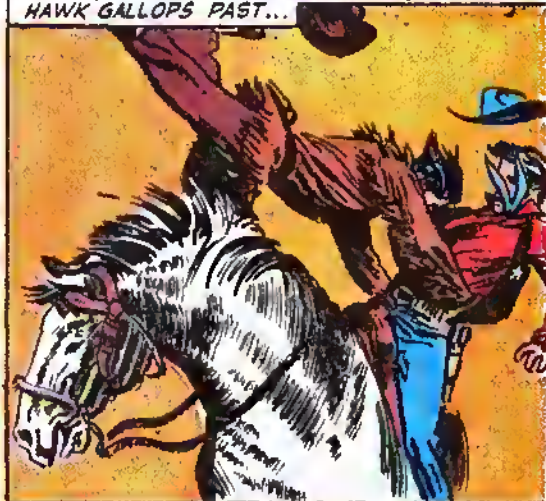




OUT INTO THE DESERT RIDE THE FUGITIVE AND HIS PURSUER...



THEN, IN A TWINKLING, LEVERETT LEAVES HIS MOUNT, CLIMBS THE ROCKS... AND, AS THE HAWK GALLOPS PAST...



ALL RIGHT, LEVERETT, FREEZE! I THINK YOUR DREAMS OF RUNNING THIS TERRITORY ARE OVER!

LATER...

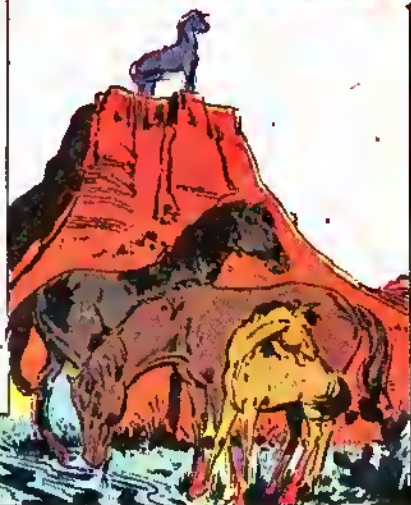
WITH MAMIE TEMPLE DEAD AND LEVERETT IN A FEDERAL PRISON, THINGS ARE LIABE TO BE A LITTLE QUIET OUT THIS WAY, THANKS TO YOU, MARSHAL!

THIS IS NEW COUNTRY, CAPTAIN. THINGS WON'T STAY QUIET LONG! I RECKON I'LL BE SEEING YOU AGAIN SOMETIME!



The DISAPPEARING MUSTANG

MANY EASTERNERS THINK ALL WESTERN HORSES ARE "MUSTANGS." THE MUSTANG IS REALLY A WILD, OR UNTAMED, HORSE OF GREAT SPIRIT. THE MEXICAN WORD MESTENO FROM WHICH MUSTANG IS DERIVED, MEANS "WILD, OR BORN IN THE MOUNTAINS..."



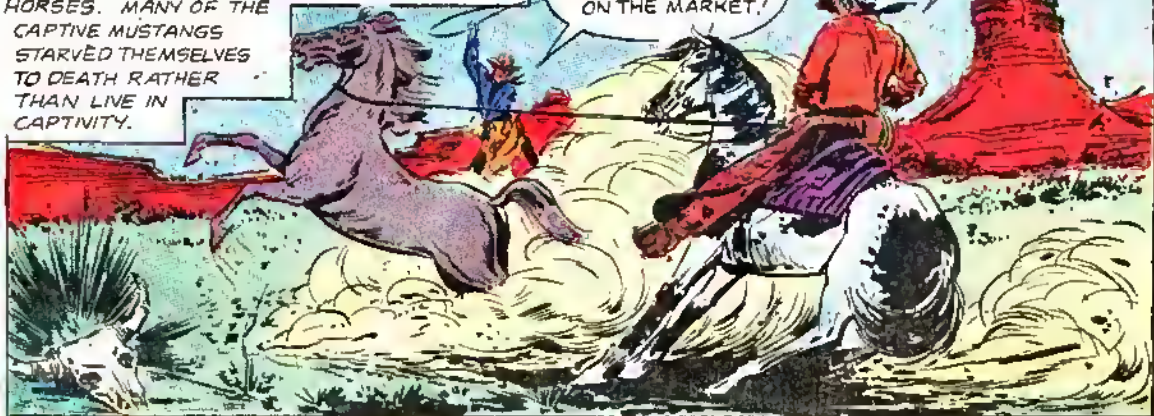
THE OLD TIME MUSTANG, ALSO KNOWN AS A "FUZZ-TAIL" OR "BROOM-TAIL" IS EXTINCT TODAY, HOWEVER, WHEN THESE GREAT HERDS ROAMED THE WEST, THEIR RANKS NUMBERED ONLY SUPERIOR STEEDS, FOR THE STALLION LEADER FOUGHT OFF INFERIOR ANIMALS WHO SOUGHT TO JOIN THE BAND.



THE EARLY INDIANS AND COWBOYS GOT THEIR MOUNTS BY CAPTURING THESE MUSTANGS. LATER ON, MEN KNOWN AS "MUSTANGERS" MADE A LIVING BY CAPTURING AND SELLING THESE HORSES. MANY OF THE CAPTIVE MUSTANGS STARVED THEMSELVES TO DEATH RATHER THAN LIVE IN CAPTIVITY.

HOLD HIM, LEM! HE'LL BRING A NICE HUNK OF CHANGE ON THE MARKET!

IF HE AIN'T ORNERVENOUGH TO DIE OF HUNGER IN THE CORRAL!



BUT WITH GRAZING LAND BECOMING MORE AND MORE SCARCE, THE MUSTANGS BECAME A NUISANCE TO CATTLE AND HORSE RAISERS...

AND SOME DURN MUSTANG LURED FIVE OF MY MARES AWAY LAST NIGHT. SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE!

HE'S RIGHT! BESIDES, WE'VE GOT TO SAVE OUR GRASS FOR THE CATTLE!



AND SO THE MUSTANG WAS SHOT, POISONED, OR SIMPLY STARVED TO DEATH, WITH THE HELP OF THE AIR PLANE, SOME OF THESE ANIMALS WERE EVEN STAMPEDED OVER CLIFFS. AND SOMETIMES THEIR CARCASSES WERE USED FOR CAT AND DOG FOOD. TODAY THE OLD MUSTANG IS NO MORE. THE FEW WILD HORSES THAT ROAM THE WEST TODAY ARE REALLY ANIMALS THAT HAVE BECOME WILD A SECOND TIME. THEY HARDLY COMPARE WITH THE OLD MESTENO!



KILLER VENOM

Only his bare head and right arm were free. The rest of his body was buried in the sand. Doctor Frank Stewart gritted his teeth in agony and closed his eyes against the merciless fire of the desert sun.

"Somehow, some day, Dickson, the law will catch up with you. If you don't hang for the murder of Walter McGuire, it'll be for mine!"

The man called Dickson had been sitting on a big rock near a clump of mesquite. Now, he got slowly, leisurely to his feet and sneered down at the pain-contorted face of his victim.

"Who's gonna tell 'em, Doc? You! Ha! Go ahead, yell for the law right now. But better yell plenty loud. Nearest ranch is the Finch's place, over fifty miles from here!" Dickson broke into peals of raucous laughter. "Yell, Doc, yell for help! Go ahead!"

Doc Stewart did not yell. He couldn't. His throat was so parched from hot thirst that he couldn't speak above a hoarse whisper. He hardly recognized his own voice. It was little more than a harsh rasp.

"Why kill me this way, Dickson? Why not just put a bullet in my head?"

Matt Dickson stroked his black beard. "Ain't ready yet. First I want that confession. That's why I left you the use o' one arm. So's you could write down how you killed Walt McGuire."

Doc Stewart's tortured brain pounded against the walls of his head, begging release from its hot prison. With a superhuman effort he spoke through dry lips.

"I'd be a fool to sign. Why should I clear you of murdering McGuire when you're going to kill me anyway! No, Dickson, I won't sign. I'll roast first!"

Dickson laughed again, the snarling laughter of a diabolical killer. "All right, Doc. Roast awhile! It's only two o'clock in the afternoon. About six or seven hours of sunlight yet, with the hottest part of the day still to come. Wait'll you pass out once or twice and wake up for another fryin'. Wait'll your eyes start to burn out o' their sockets—and you want to sell your soul to the devil for just a

little sip of water. Oh, you'll sign all right, Doc! So I'll just set around comfortable 'til you're ready."

Dickson sat down again, reached for his canteen and took a long pull at the cool water. His cruel eyes mocked Stewart as he deliberately spilled a few drops on the sand in front of the suffering man.

"Want a drink, Doc? Sign th' confession and I'll let you have some water before I shoot you. Yah—nice, cool water—"

But the condemned man was beyond hearing his tormentor. Something had exploded in his brain, blacking out suddenly the white-hot world around him. His head rolled forward on the sand. Mouth open, his feeble breath sucked hot particles of sand down his throat.

Minutes later, Doc Stewart awoke to agony that was worse than before. His lolling head and right arm, extending out of the pit, were horribly blistered by the sun's burning fire.

Dickson's cruel eyes were watching. "Ready to sign, Doc?"

"No! You'll die for your own killing!"

Dickson yawned, wiped sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand, and glanced up at the sun. "Take your time, Doc. Plenty of sunlight yet. Soak it up!"

Stewart's hand clutched sand in convulsive pain and helpless anger. A loose cactus spine jabbed its needle edge into his thumb, drawing blood. He clamped his jaw shut tight. The sand in his mouth grated between his teeth. It made a weird sound, a sound—

Like a rattlesnake's warning!

Crazy thought! But Doc Stewart's brain raced away with it until, mercifully, consciousness left him for a second time.

When he awoke, the sun was lower in the heavens! He'd been out a long time. But it didn't matter. Next time it would be for keeps.

Matt Dickson took another pull of water from the canteen. Then he spat it out on the sand and got up suddenly and walked over to Doc Stewart. The killer bent low and leered into Stewart's face.

"Gotta hand it to you, Doc. You're sure stub-

born. But I can't wait no more. Gotta amble along. It's a long ride to town."

Stewart tried to speak. The sand in his mouth choked off his voice. But Dickson saw his lips move, forming the words, "I'll sign—"

"That's better," Dickson said, straightening up and reaching in his shirt pocket for the paper which, when signed by Stewart, would clear him of the McGuire murder. "Figured you'd see it my way, sooner or later—huh, what's that—!"

Tat-tat-rat. Thud.

"Oww! My leg. Rattler's got me!" Clutching his leg, Dickson whirled about, gun drawn, looking for the snake that had bitten him. His eyes fell on the clump of mesquite. It was still moving. He fired all six rounds from his gun at the base of the mesquite bush. Then he fell to the ground, gasping, his face a mask of terror.

"You've gotta save me, Doc! It's fifty miles to help. I'll never make it. I'll die!"

Stewart was incapable of speech. Weakly, his hand stretched out for Dickson's canteen of water. Dickson had dropped it in his excitement. Wooden fingers unscrewed the cap. Sweet, cool water washed the grating sand from his throat, sent new life coursing through his body. After a minute or two he found his voice.

"Now we're both going out, Dickson. You first. You'll die of snake bite and I'll watch!"

"No!" screamed Dickson. "I don't want to die! I'll dig you out. There'll still be time to save me!" The killer dropped to his knees and frantically began digging sand from around the body of the helpless doctor. Minutes later, panting and wild-eyed with fear, Dickson pulled Stewart from the hole.

"Now take care of me. You got medicine in your kit. Use it!" After a long time Stewart struggled to his feet. "And what if I don't?"

Dickson's eyes were popping out of their sockets. He pointed his gun at Stewart. "Fix me up, or I'll drill yuh!"

It was Stewart's turn to laugh. "Go ahead. Pull the trigger. What do you expect to kill with an empty gun?"

"Whu—?" Then Dickson remembered he'd pumped his gun empty firing at the mesquite bush. Angrily, he threw the gun to the ground. His manner changed abruptly from vicious killer to cringing coward.

"Save me, Doc. I'm goin' fast. Yuh can't let me die like this. Yuh took an oath—ooh!—th' pain! It's spreadin'. Hurry!"

Calmly, Stewart leaned over and picked up the killer's gun, loading it from the cartridge belt

around Dickson's waist. When he had finished, he pointed the gun at his erstwhile captor and said, "On your horse, murderer. I'm taking you in."

"Wait!" pleaded Dickson, writhing on the ground and kicking up sand. "Fix me up first, Doc! Then we'll go."

Stewart hesitated. Then he bent over Dickson and took the unsigned confession from his pocket. "Take your choice, Dickson. Which way do you want to die? Snake bite or rope?"

"Gimme the paper! I'll sign it—only yuh gotta take care o' my leg!" Snatching the paper from Stewart's hand, Dickson scrawled out his signature hurriedly, then handed it back.

Doc Stewart folded the confession neatly and put it in his own shirt pocket. "Okay, now get mounted. You're going to be the center of attraction at a necktie party."

"But yuh haven't fixed my leg. I'll never make it to town with a rattler's poison in me!"

There was no sympathy in Stewart's answer. "You've had the killer's venom in you for a long time. You're not going to die of snakebite. On your horse!"

Sullenly, Dickson obeyed, but his legs were weak under him as he swung himself into the saddle. He had always had a morbid fear of snakes. Rattlers especially. And now he could feel the poison spreading through his system. Eying the desert ahead, he counted each moment as his last.

Miraculously, Dickson found himself still alive as a weary Doc Stewart gave him into the sheriff's custody five hours later. The killer had resigned himself to stretching a rope for McGuire's murder; but there was a question he had to ask Doc Stewart. Just one question.

"How come I didn't die of the rattler's poison? Am I really immune to the venom?"

"Ha! Ha!" Stewart laughed. "You weren't bitten by a rattler."

"What do yuh mean, I wasn't bitten! I heard the rattle. I felt the fangs. I saw the marks they made, and the blood on my leg. And I saw the rattler slither into that clump of mesquite!"

"No, Dickson. There was no snake. Your own cowardice tricked you. The 'rattle' was me chewing sand. The 'bite' was a couple of cactus spines I picked up. And a handful of sand set the bush in motion."

Dickson still couldn't believe it. "Then I ain't goin' to die o' snake poison!"

Doc Stewart sighed. "Oh, you're going to die of snake poison, all right. The poison that made you a murderer—your own killer venom!"

THE END

CREATURES OF THE WESTERN BADLANDS

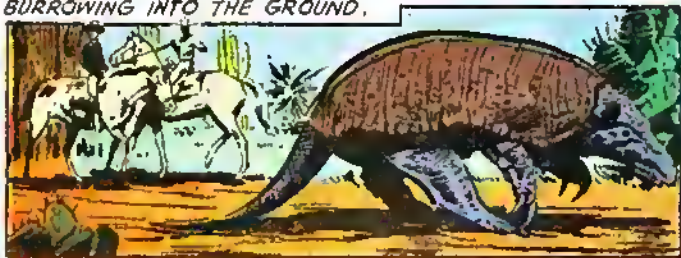
CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, THE RATTLESNAKE DOES NOT ALWAYS WARN ITS VICTIMS BY RATTLING ITS TAIL BEFORE STRIKING. LARGEST OF THE SOUTHWESTERN SPECIES IS THE DIAMOND-BACK WHICH MAY MEASURE UP TO FIVE FEET IN LENGTH. RATTLESNEDS SHED THEIR SKIN SEVERAL TIMES A YEAR AND GROW A NEW RATTLE EACH TIME.



THE GILA MONSTER IS AN UGLY, POISONOUS LIZARD COMMON TO THE AMERICAN DESERT. IT ATTAINS A LENGTH OF TWO AND A HALF FEET AND PREYS ON SMALL ANIMALS, WHICH IT KILLS WITH VENOMOUS FANGS. ITS BITE IS DANGEROUS BUT NOT FATAL TO HUMANS.



THE ARMADILLO IS A SMALL ANIMAL ABOUT A FOOT LONG WITH AN ARMOR-LIKE SHELL. IT FEEDS ON ROOTS INSECTS, WORMS, REPTILES AND DEAD ANIMALS. DESPITE ITS SHORT LEGS IT IS VERY FAST. THE ARMADILLO IS HARMLESS AND DOES NOT PUT UP A FIGHT WHEN CAPTURED. IF PURSUED IT WILL TRY TO ESCAPE BY BURROWING INTO THE GROUND.



THE HORNEO-TOAD, A SMALL SPOTTED BROWN AND GRAY CREATURE, BLENDS PERFECTLY WITH THE DESERT WASTELAND. A SERIES OF SPIKES AND SCALES ON ITS HEAD AND BACK PREVENT SNAKES AND OTHER CREATURES FROM SWALLOWING IT. IT LIVES ON ANTS AND INSECTS WHICH IT CAPTURES ON THE END OF ITS LIGHTNING-SWIFT, STICKY TONGUE.



THE PRAIRIE DOG, A MEMBER OF THE SQUIRREL FAMILY, IS A FAMILIAR SIGHT IN THE WEST. THESE CREATURES LIVE IN UNDERGROUND "TOWNS" WHICH THEY BURROW DEEP INTO THE EARTH. RIDERS FEAR PRAIRIE DOG TOWNS BECAUSE A HORSE CAN BREAK A LEG STEPPING INTO ONE OF THE HOLES.



THE ROAD RUNNER IS A STRANGE BIRD THAT CAN FLAP ITS WINGS CRAZILY BUT CANNOT FLY. IT SCOOTs ALONG THE GROUND AT A RAPID PACE LOOKING FOR FOOD AND IS A CHAMPION RATTLE-SNAKE KILLER. BY FEINTING, BOBBING AND WEAVING THE ROAD RUNNER TIRES THE SNAKE TO EXHAUSTION AND THEN DARTS IN FOR THE KILL WITH HAMMERING PECKS AT THE SERPENT'S HEAD.



The **DESERT RAT**

DEATH IS NO STRANGER
TO THE PARCHED DESERT
SANDS! BUT WHEN A COWARDLY
MURDERER STRIKES — DUSTY
CARSON, THE DESERT RAT, AND
HIS BURRO, MICKEY, SET A --

in **Trap For A Killer**



LATER...

I DONE ALL I
COULD FOR YUH NOW, ART!
BUT I AIN'T RESTIN' UNTIL I
TURN THE DRIFTIN'
KID OVER TO THE
MARSHAL!



THAT HOMBRE'S HOSS TRACKS
SHOW HE'S RIDIN' TOO FAST!
HE WON'T GET FAR! HIS
HOSS'LL BE PLUMB TIRED IN
NO TIME!



I'LL JEST FIGGER TO KEEP
FOLLERIN', AN' SOONER OR
LATER, I'LL MEET
UP WITH HIM!



FOR HOURS, DUSTY AND MICKEY FOLLOW
THE KILLER'S TRAIL, UNTIL...

STAND WHERE
YUH ARE,
MISTER!

HUH? WHO'S
THAT?



YUH MANGY OLD DESERT
RAT! I'VE BEEN WATCHIN'
YUH COMIN' ON FOR A
HALF-HOUR! ARE YUH
FOLLERIN' ME?

MISTER, I DON'T KNOW
WHO YUH ARE, BUT
FROM THE LOOKS OF
YUH, IT'S MIGHTY LUCKY I
STUMBLED ACROSS YUH! I
RECKON YUH CAN USE
SOME WATER!

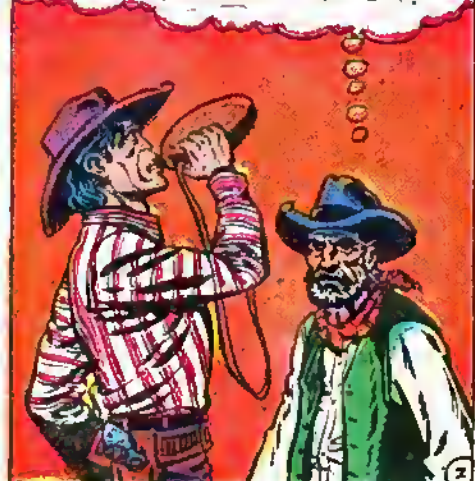


I CAN USE IT, ALL RIGHT! MUH HOSS
JUST DROPPED DAID! AN' THERE
WASNT A DROP OF WATER LEFT
IN MUH CANTEEN! STAND CLEAR,
MISTER! I'M GOIN' TO TAKE
A DRINK!

IT'S A LONG WAY
TO THE NEXT
WATER HOLE, SON!
BETTER DRINK
IT SLOW!



THINGS ARE GOIN' JUST THE WAY I
HOPED! IT WON'T BE LONG AFORE
I MAKE MY PLAY!



WAAL, MISTER! I'D LIKE TO
BE ON MUH WAY-- SO IF
YUH DON'T
MIND...

MEBBE I DO!
I RECKON I'M
HITCHIN' UP WITH YUH!
AFTER ALL, I GOT NO
HOSS! WHERE ARE
YUH HEADIN'? WHAT'RE
YUH DOIN' IN THE
DESERT?



THAT AIN'T YOUR BUSINESS,
MISTER! THERE'S LOTS OF
PLACES IN THE DESERT A
MAN CAN GO,
AND NOT CARE
TO TALK
ABOUT!

YUH MADE
A **STRIKE!**
THAT'S IT!
GOLD!



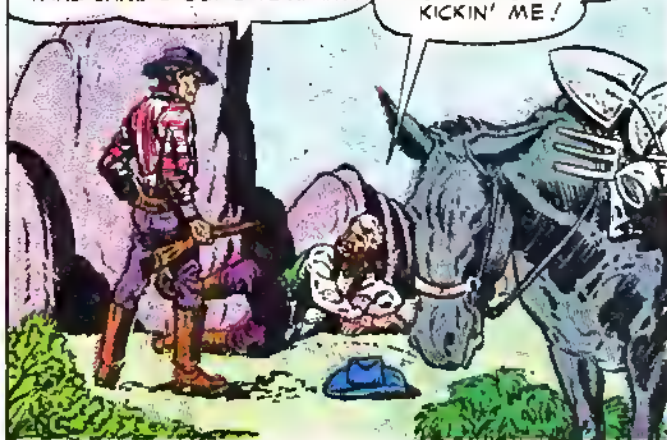
I KNOW YOU DESERT RATS! YOU'RE
LOADED WITH GOLD DUST! WELL,
I'M GETTIN' MY
SHARE, SEE?

OWWW!
LISTEN,
YOU...



SHUT UP! NOW, GET ON YOUR FEET, AN' START MOVIN'!
WE'RE GOIN' TO YOUR STRIKE, SEE? LOOKS LIKE
YOU GOT ENOUGH GRUB AN'
WATER ON THAT BURRO TO
TAKE CARE O' SOME COMPANY!

OHNN! OKAY...
OKAY... STOP
KICKIN' ME!



LATER...

HEY! THERE AIN'T
ANY WATER LEFT
IN THE CANTEEN!

THERE'S SOME
IN THE WATER BAG,
ON MUH BURRO!
I'LL FILL THE
CANTEEN!

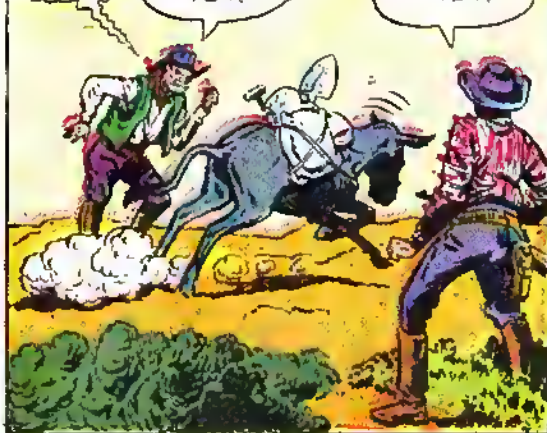


BUT SUDDENLY...

(WHISPER)
GO,
MICKEY!

(ALOUD)
COME BACK,
CONARN
YUH!

THAT ORNERY
CRITTER, IT'S
RUNNIN' OFF
WITH THE
WATER!



I'LL
KILL...

DON'T BE A FOOL! YOU MIGHT HIT THE
WATER BAG, AN' IT'S TWENTY MILES TO
THE NEXT HOLE! THE BURRO'LL COME
BACK! HE WAS JEST
FRIGHTENED A BIT!



YUH KNOW,
I'VE BEEN
WANTIN' TO
MEET UP
WITH YOU--
DRIFTIN'
KID!

SO YUH RECOGNIZED
ME, HUH? WAAL, OLD
TIMER-- YOU JEST
SEALED YOUR DEATH
WARRANT! ONCE WE
REACH THE GOLD STRIKE,
I'M GOIN' TO KILL
YOU!



MEBSE-- IF THE SUN DON'T
GET YOU AFORE! YUH SEE,
I KIN GO WITHOUT WATER!
IT WAS ME WHO SENT THE
BURRO OFF! BUT YOU...
EVERYTHIN' WORKED OUT
THE WAY I PLANNED IT,
YUH ORNERY DRY-GULCHER!
THE DEPUTY YUH KILLED
WAS MY FRIEND!

YOU'RE LOCCO!
NO MAN'D
PURPOSELY GIT
SEPARATED FROM
WATER IN THE
DESERT!



IF HE WANTED TO TRAP
A DIRTY LOW-DOWN,
BACK-SHOOTIN' KILLER
HE WOULD! AN' NOW, I'M
JEST GOIN' TO SET HERE
AN' WATCH YOU DIE!



YEAH? WELL, I AIN'T
GOIN' ALONE! I'M
GOIN' TO KILL YUH,
NOW!

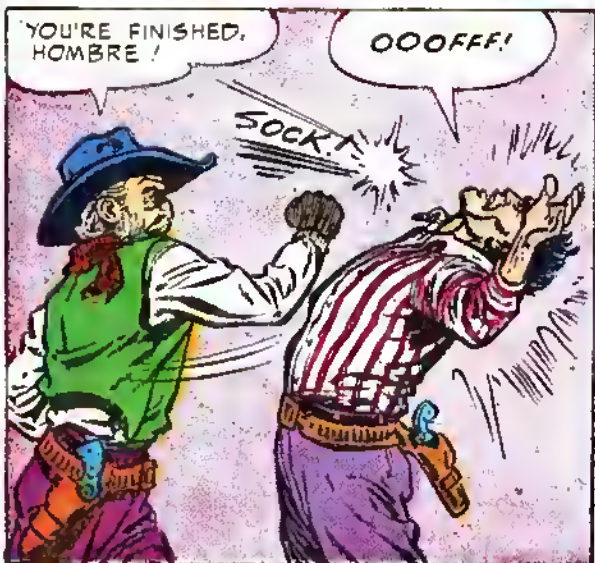
MICKEY!
NOW!



YOU'RE FINISHED,
HOMBRE!

OOOFFF!

SOCK!



SOON...

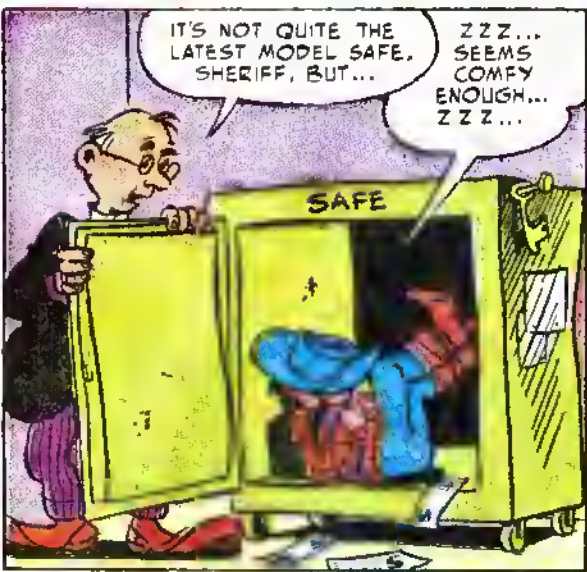
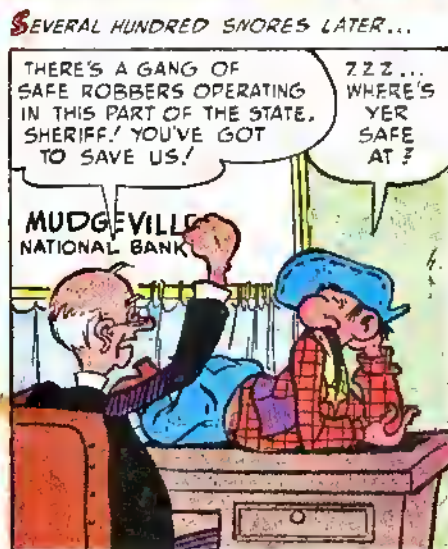
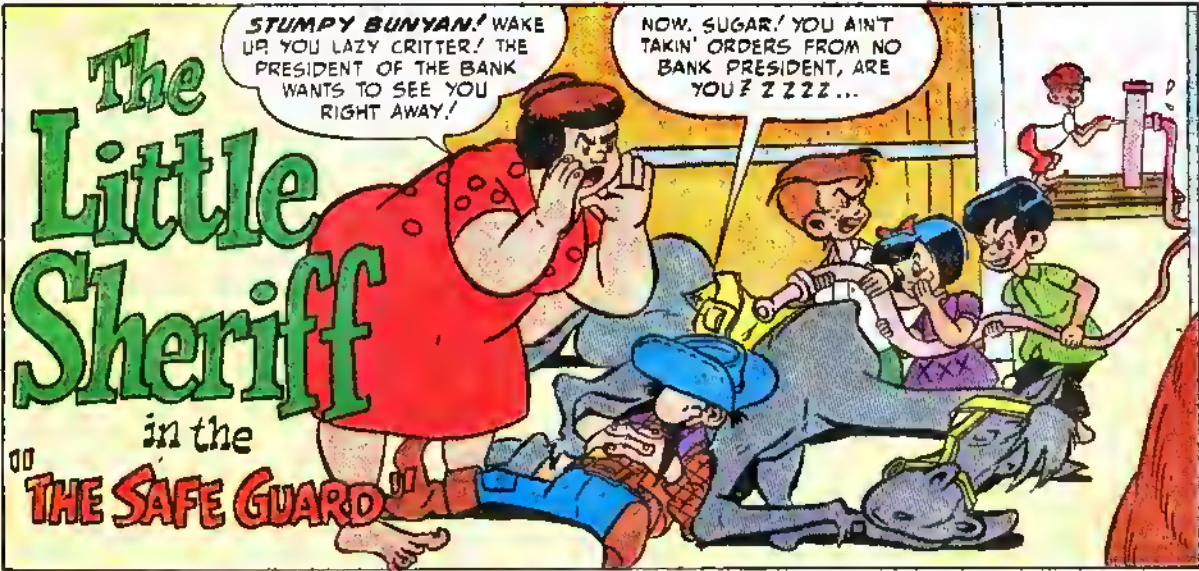
WE'LL DELIVER HIM TO
THE MARSHAL, MICKEY--
AN' THEN, COME HERE TO PROSPECT FOR THE
GOLD OUR FRIEND THOUGHT I ALREADY HAD!



THE END

The Little Sheriff

in the
THE SAFE GUARD



LATE
THAT
NIGHT

THIS HAUL MIGHT RUN
AS HIGH AS FORTY
DOLLARS!

WE KIN
RETIRE!



SANDPAPER ... NAIL FILE ... AH!
THERE GO THE TUMBLERS!
SHE'S OPEN!



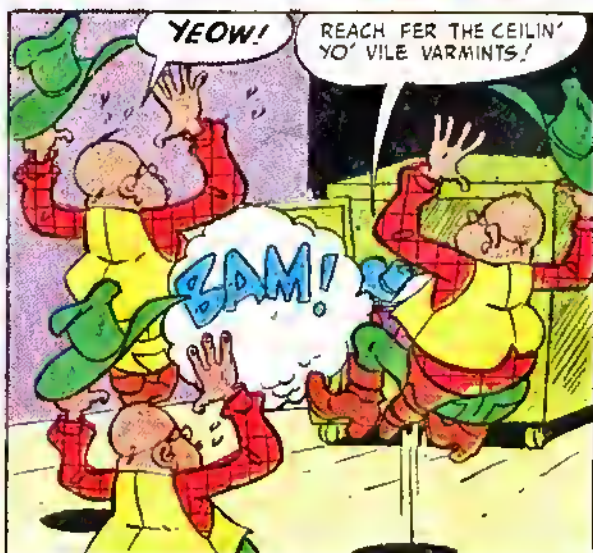
LISTEN TO THE WAY THIS OLD CAN
CREAKS! NOW TO GRAB THE MAZUMA
AND ELUDE THE AUTHORITIES!
HEH-HEH-HEH!

ZZZZ...



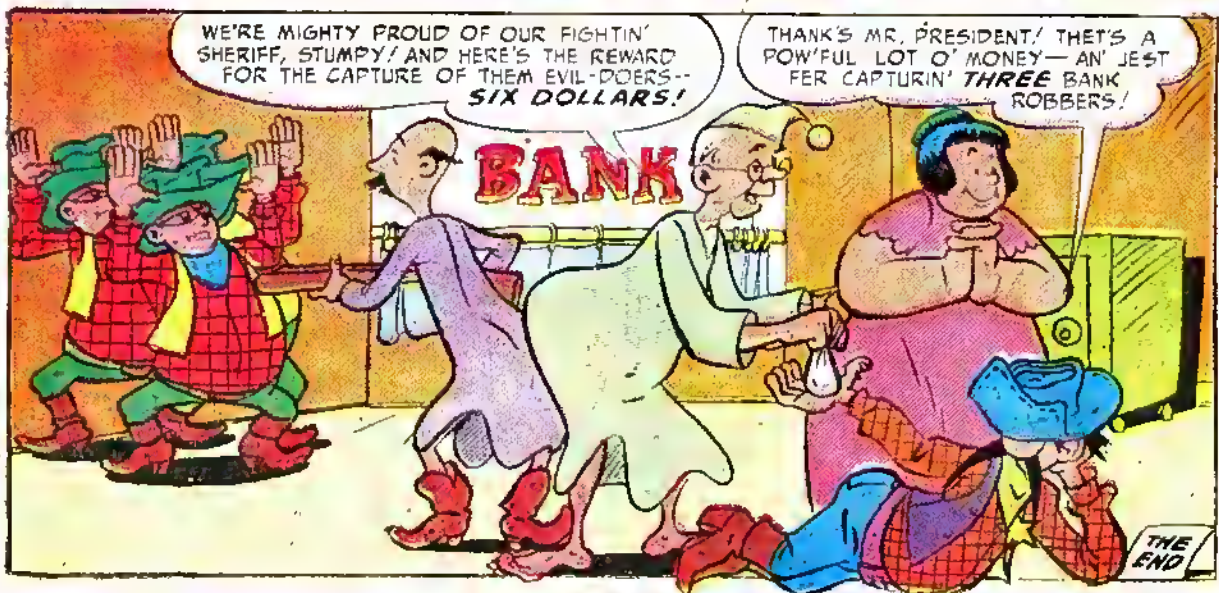
YEOW!

REACH FER THE CEILIN'
YO' VILE VARMINTS!



WE'RE MIGHTY PROUD OF OUR FIGHTIN'
SHERIFF, STUMPY! AND HERE'S THE REWARD
FOR THE CAPTURE OF THEM EVIL-DOERS--
SIX DOLLARS!

THANK'S MR. PRESIDENT! TET'S A
POW'FUL LOT O' MONEY-- AN' JEST
FER CAPTURIN' THREE BANK
ROBBERS!



THE
END



the HAWK

in

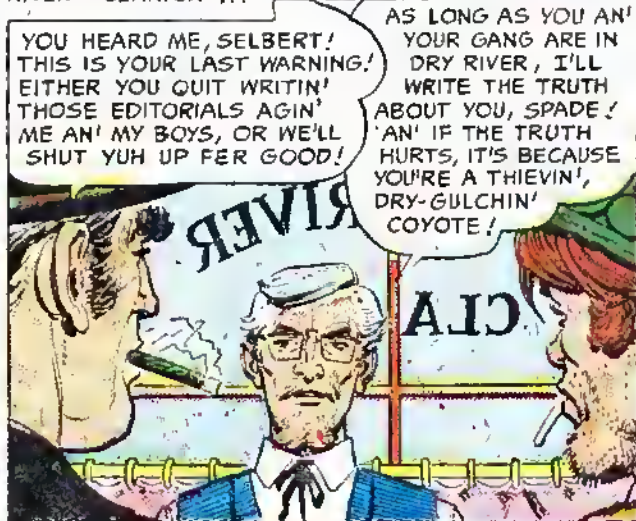
DRY RIVER RAMPAGE

OUT IN THE BLISTERING HEAT OF THE DESERT, A DRY-GULCHER'S BULLET FINDS ITS MARK, AND BOB HARDIE, **THE HAWK**, FALLS PROSTRATE ON THE BURNING SANDS. BUT **THE HAWK'S** FIGHTING HEART IS STRONGER THAN THE BLAZING SUN, STRONGER THAN SAND, THIRST, AND DEATH ITSELF, AS HE PITS HIS COURAGE AND GUNS AGAINST A VICIOUS OUTLAW BAND IN...

DRY RIVER RAMPAGE!



THE OFFICE OF WALT SELBERT, EDITOR OF THE DRY RIVER "CLARION"...



WHO CARES 'BOUT
THE HAWK!
ALL RIGHT, BOYS!
SMASH UP THE
PLACE! NOBODY
GETS ROUGH WITH
SPADE HAMMER!

NO MATTER
WHAT YOU DO
TO ME, SPADE,
THE HAWK'LL
GET YOU!
HE'LL BRING
LAW TO
DRY RIVER!

SUDDENLY...

DON'T MOVE,
ANYBODY!

BOOM!

YOU SIDEWINDERS! I FIRED THE FIRST
BARREL OVER YOUR HEADS, BUT IF YOU
DON'T MAKE
TRACKS IN
JUST TEN
SECONDS,
I'LL EMPTY
THE OTHER
ONE INTO
SPADE!

HOLD
IT,
BOYS!

BUT, BOSS! SHE'S
ONLY A DAME!
YOU GOIN' TO BE
BUFFALOED BY A
DAME?

YOU HAVE TEN SECONDS! ONE...TWO...
THREE...

I RECKON YOU
GENTS KNOW MY DAUGHTER
MARCIA! YOU'D BETTER DO
LIKE SHE SAYS, SPADE!
SHE MEANS IT!

ALL RIGHT!
WE'RE GOIN'!
BUT WE'LL
GET YOU,
WALT! YOU
AN' YOUR
DAUGHTER!

THIS SHOTGUN IS GOIN' TO BE
ON YOU UNTIL YOU RIDE OUT
OF SIGHT, SPADE! AN' YOUR
THREATS DON'T SCARE US!
THE HAWK IS COMIN'!

CLASH!

LATER...

THEY'RE
GONE,
DAD!

FOR NOW, AT ANY RATE! SPADE
HAS A MEAN BUNCH RIDIN' WITH
HIM! ESPECIALLY THE SHOSHONE
KID!

IF ANYTHIN' HAPPENS
TO THE HAWK—
SPADE'LL SHOW
US NO MERCY!

I KNOW THE MARSHAL—
HE AIN'T CALLED **THE**
HAWK FOR NOTHIN'! HE'LL
BE HERE! AND HE'LL
HANDLE SPADE, TOO!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, IN SPADE'S GAMBLING HALL...

LET ME GO BACK THERE, SPADE! I'LL KILL 'EM BOTH! I'LL MAKE 'EM PAY! WHAT DO YOU SAY, SPADE? GIVE ME THE WORD!

FORGET IT, WILL YUH? WE'LL HANDLE SELBERT, AND HIS DAUGHTER, TOO, WHEN THE RIGHT TIME COMES! BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE HAWK! ONCE HE GETS HERE, WE'LL HAVE A REAL FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!



HE DON'T HAVE TO GET HERE!

MEANIN'?



MEANIN' SOMEBODY COULD BE WAITIN' FOR HIM IN THE DESERT! HE'D MAKE A GOOD MEAL FOR THE BUZZARDS!



YEAH! BUT WHO'S GOIN' TO GET THE HAWK? THERE AIN'T A MAN LIVIN' WHO CAN MATCH HIS DRAW!

I'LL GET HIM! LISTEN, SPADE, HE'LL HAVE TO PASS THE ANGEL WATER-HOLE TO GIT HERE! I'LL BE THERE, WAITIN' IN A WADDY! HE'LL NEVER MAKE DRY RIVER!



OKAY! FEED THOSE BUZZARDS!

THEY'LL EAT GOOD!

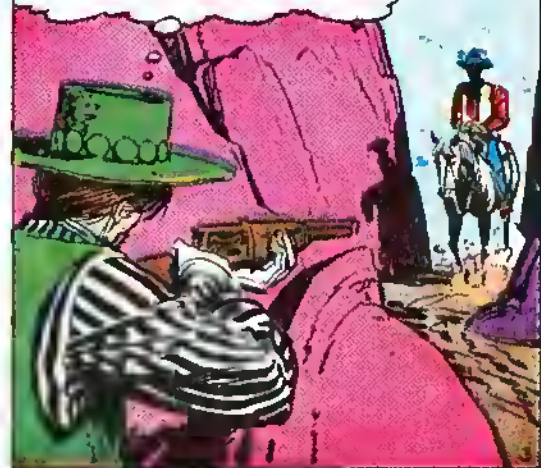


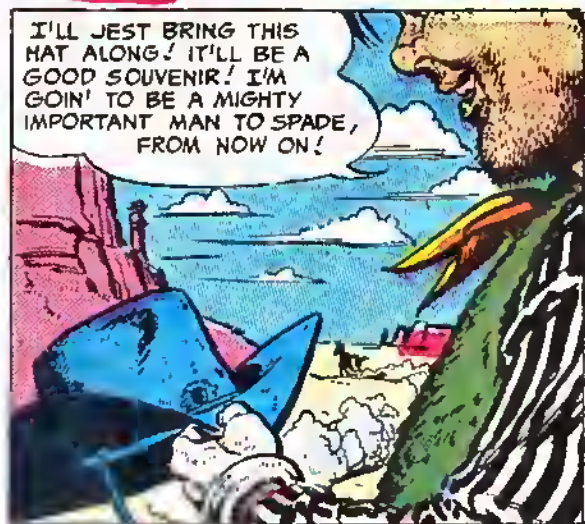
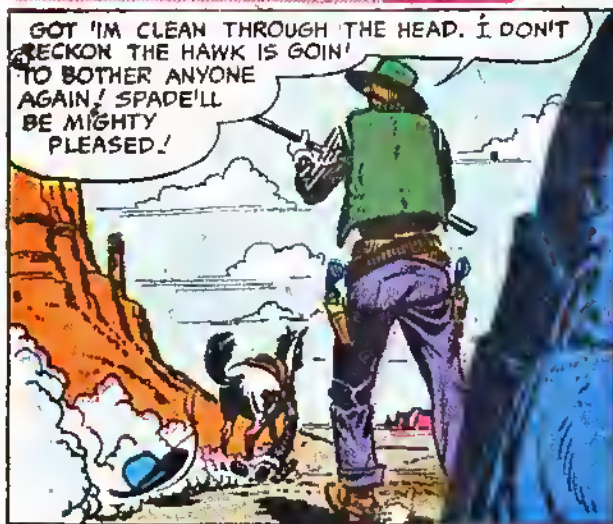
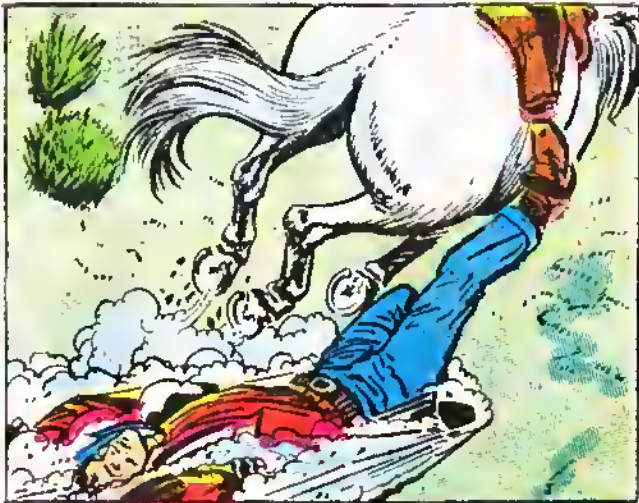
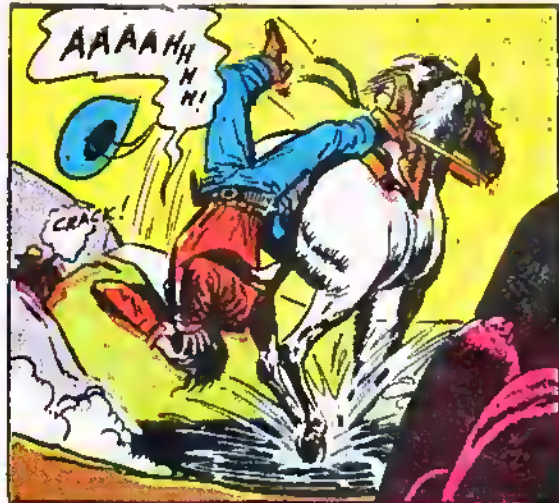
A BLAZING SUN BEATS DOWN MERCILESSLY ON THE DESERT, AS THE HAWK, DUSTY AND TRAVEL-WEARY, PUSHES HIS TIRED HORSE TOWARD THE ANGEL WATER-HOLE...

JUST A LITTLE MORE, BOY! JUST A LITTLE MORE! MMM—I CAN TASTE THAT WATER NOW! IT'LL SURE BE WELCOME!

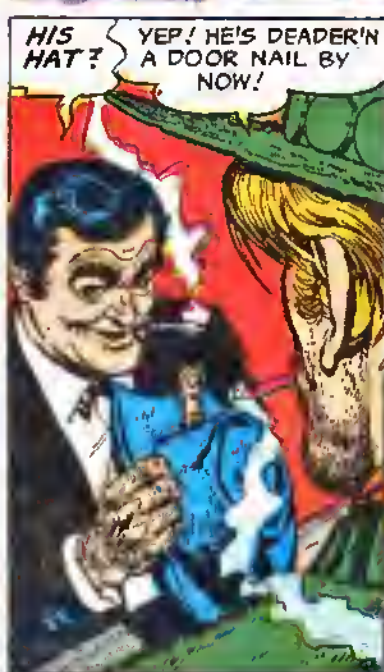


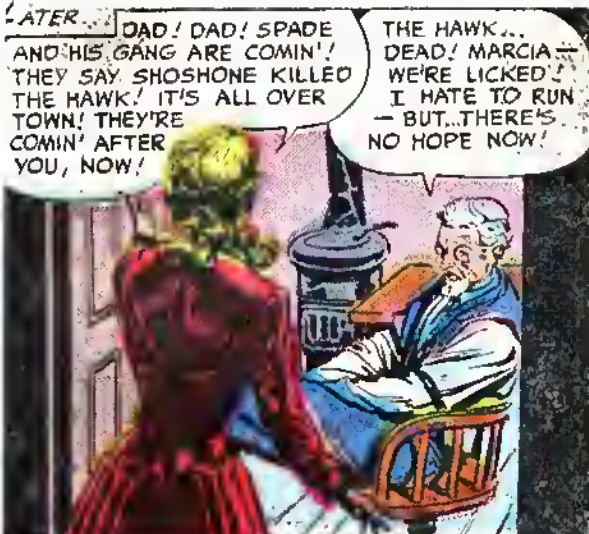
OKAY, HAWK! THIS IS IT! COME A FEW FEET CLOSER, AND...





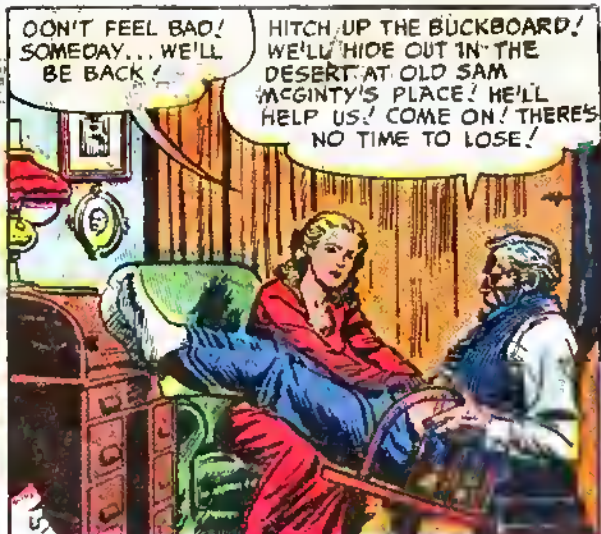
LATER, IN SPADE'S OFFICE...





LATER...
DAD! DAD! SPADE
AND HIS GANG ARE COMIN'!
THEY SAY SHOSHONE KILLED
THE HAWK! IT'S ALL OVER
TOWN! THEY'RE
COMIN' AFTER
YOU, NOW!

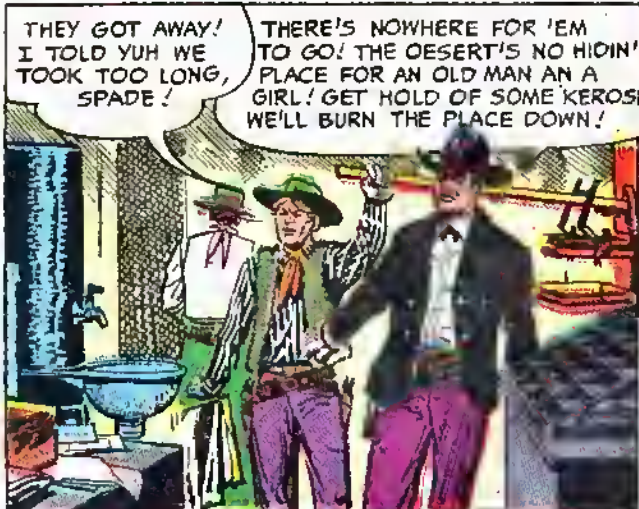
THE HAWK...
DEAD! MARCIA...
WE'RE LICKED!
I HATE TO RUN
— BUT...THERE'S
NO HOPE NOW!



DON'T FEEL BAD!
SOMEDAY... WE'LL
BE BACK!

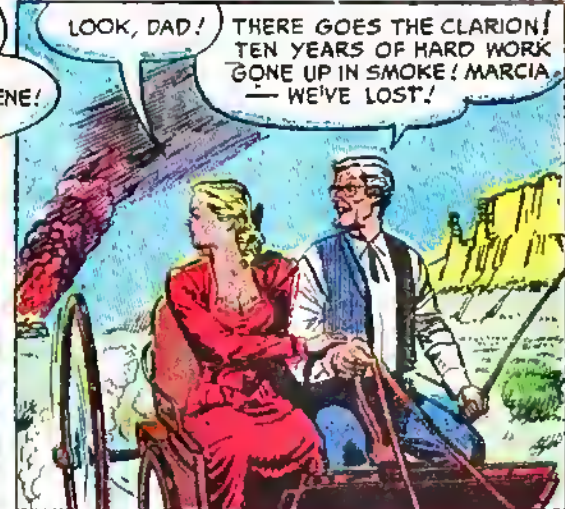
HITCH UP THE BUCKBOARD!
WE'LL HIDE OUT IN THE
DESERT AT OLD SAM
MCGINTY'S PLACE! HE'LL
HELP US! COME ON! THERE'S
NO TIME TO LOSE!

SHORTLY AFTER MARCIA AND HER FATHER LEAVE TOWN... A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY FROM TOWN...



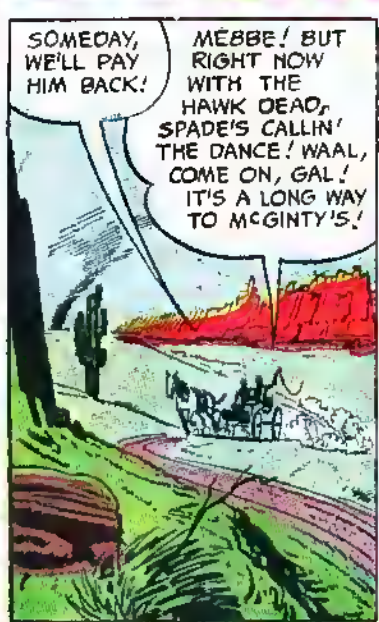
THEY GOT AWAY!
I TOLD YUH WE
TOOK TOO LONG,
SPADE!

THERE'S NOWHERE FOR 'EM
TO GO! THE DESERT'S NO HIDIN'
PLACE FOR AN OLD MAN AN A
GIRL! GET HOLD OF SOME KEROSENE!
WE'LL BURN THE PLACE DOWN!



LOOK, DAD!

THERE GOES THE CLARION!
TEN YEARS OF HARD WORK
GONE UP IN SMOKE! MARCIA...
— WE'VE LOST!



SOMEDAY,
WE'LL PAY
HIM BACK!

MEBBE! BUT
RIGHT NOW
WITH THE
HAWK DEAD,
SPADE'S CALLIN'
THE DANCE! WAAL,
COME ON, GAL!
IT'S A LONG WAY
TO MCGINTY'S!



WOUNDED, DRAGGED BY HIS
HORSE UNTIL THE ANIMAL BREAKS
AWAY, THE HAWK RETURNS TO
PAINFUL CONSCIOUSNESS! SLOWLY
HE CRAWLS ACROSS THE DESERT,
THIRST BURNING HIS THROAT,
FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE...

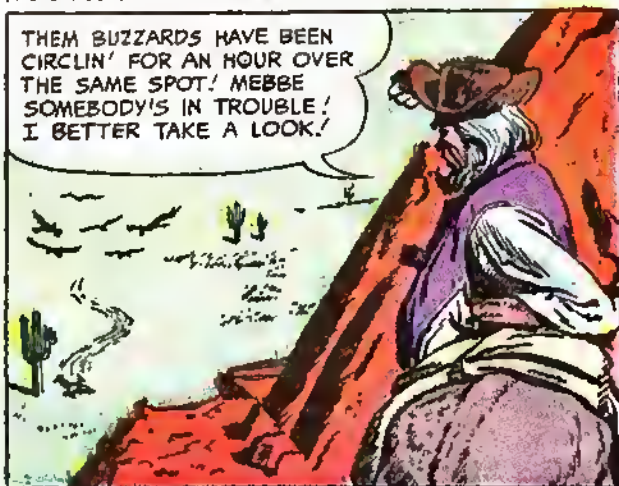
MUST... MAKE... ANGEL
... WATER... HOLE...
WATER... WATER!



BUT HE CAN GO NO FARTHER! HELP-
LESS, HE LIES ON THE BURNING
SANDS AS THE BUZZARDS SLOWLY
CIRCLE ABOVE HIM...

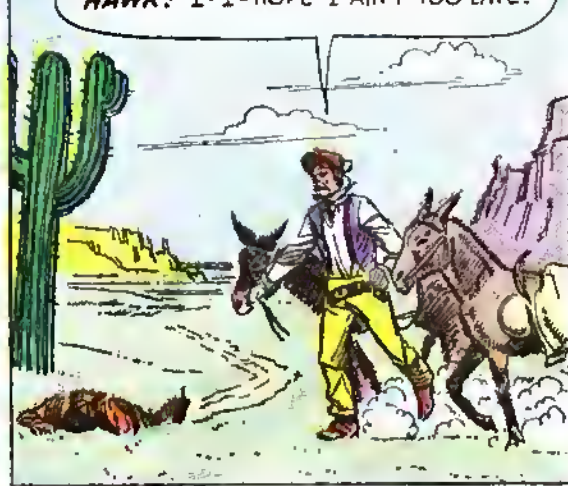
NOT FAR AWAY, SAM MCGINTY, AN OLD DESERT RAT, SCANS THE SKIES AND SEES THE FLOCK OF BUZZARDS...

THEM BUZZARDS HAVE BEEN CIRCLIN' FOR AN HOUR OVER THE SAME SPOT! MEBBE SOMEBODY'S IN TROUBLE! I BETTER TAKE A LOOK!



SOON...

JUMPIN' HORNTADS! IT'S THE HAWK! I-I-HOPE I AIN'T TOO LATE!



EASY, SON!

YUH CAME JUST IN TIME, SAM. I RECKON I CAN MAKE IT TO YOUR CABIN NOW! GIVE ME A HAND!!



IN SAM'S CABIN...

YOU'RE LUCKY, HAWK! JEST A BAD CREASE! WHO DRY-GULCHED YUH?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT I AIM TO FIND OUT!



THEN...

WALT! MARCIA! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' OUT HERE?

WE RAN INTO TROUBLE WITH SPADE HAMMER— AN' NOW THAT THE HAWK'S DEAD—

DAD! THAT'S THE HAWK!

QUICKLY, WALT TELLS HIS STORY...

SO IT WAS THE SHOSHONE KID, HUH? SAM, GIVE ME MY GUN BELT! AN' SADDLE UP YOUR BEST HORSE!

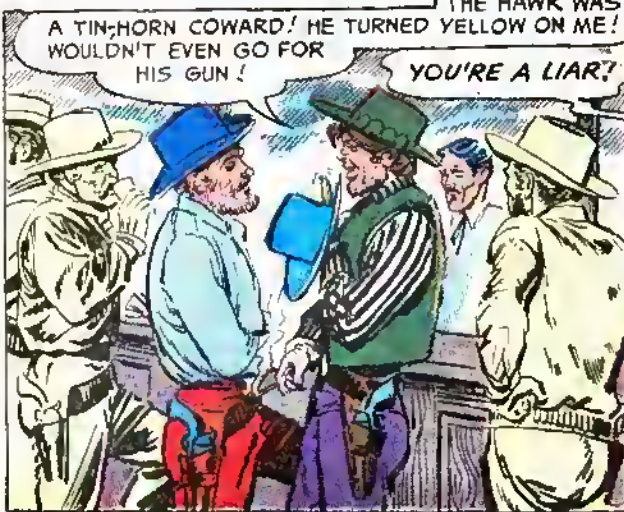
WHERE ARE YOU GOIN' HAWK?



TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A HAT!



HOURS LATER—AT SPADE'S PLACE...



A TIN HORN COWARD! HE TURNED YELLOW ON ME!
WOULDN'T EVEN GO FOR HIS GUN!

YOU'RE A LIAR!



THE HAWK!

I'VE COME FOR MY HAT! DRAW, SHOSHOHE!

I'LL MAKE SURE OF YUH THIS TIME, HAWK!



AAH! MUH HAND!

I'LL PUT THE NEXT BULLET BETWEEN YORE EYES! REACH! ALL OF YUH!



I SAID DRAW!

HAWK! NO! SPADE HAMMER MADE ME DO IT!



DON'T SHOOT! PLEASE!

YUH LILY-LIVERED DRY-GULCHER! I WOULDN'T WASTE A BULLET ON YOU!

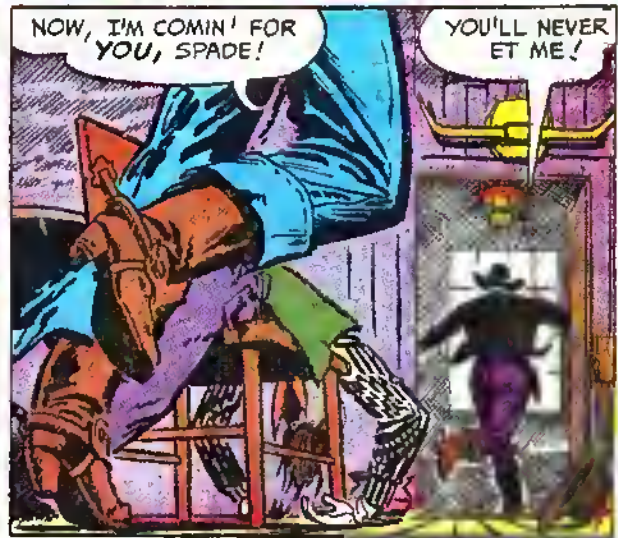
I'LL GET THE HAWK—NOW'S MY CHANCE!



PISTOL WHIPPING'S FOR YOUR KIND!

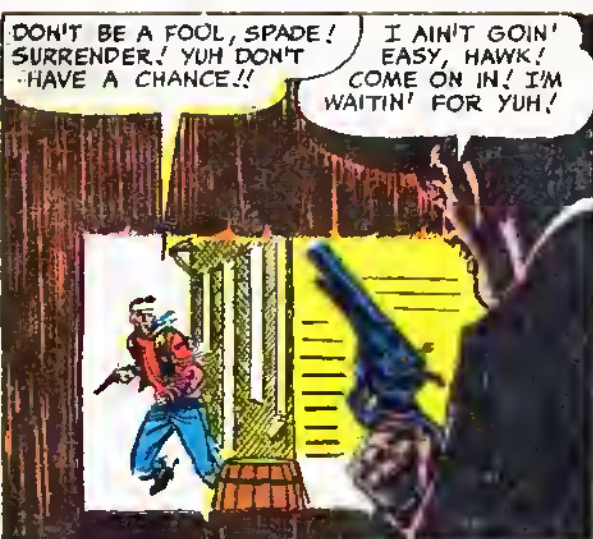
OHhhh!

BAM



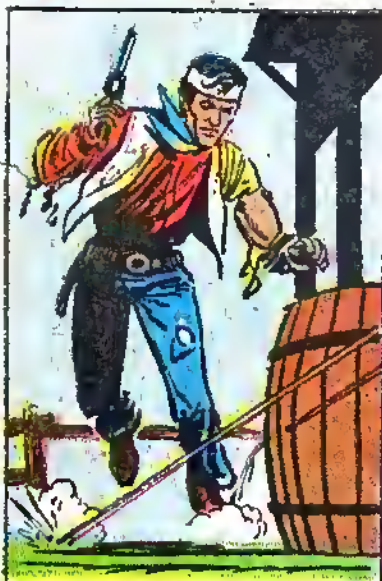
NOW, I'M COMIN' FOR YOU, SPADE!

YOU'LL NEVER ET ME!



DON'T BE A FOOL, SPADE!
SURRENDER! YUH DON'T
HAVE A CHANCE!!

I AIN'T GOIN'
EASY, HAWK!
COME ON IN! I'M
WAITIN' FOR YUH!



WHICH ONE WAS
IT? WHO'LL
COME OUT?

OH, DAD!
WHAT IF...
IF SPADE...



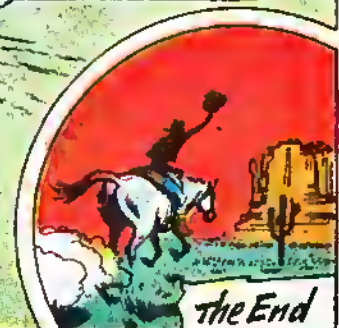
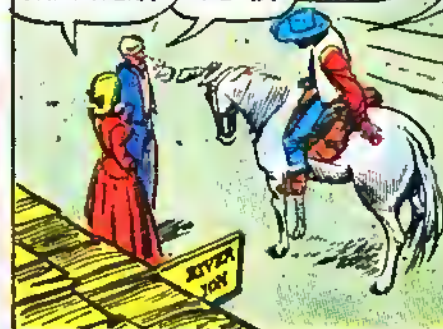
I RECKON SPADE
IS THROUGH
FOREVER!

LATER, WHEN THE REMNANTS OF SPADE'S GANG HAVE BEEN SAFELY
LODGED IN JAIL

ISN'T THERE
ANYTHING
I CAN SAY
TO MAKE
YOU STAY
HERE IN
DRY RIVER?

I FIGURE DRY
RIVER WILL GROW
AN' NOW THAT
I'M REBUILDIN'
THE CLARION,
HOW ABOUT IT?
THAR'S A FUTURE
HERE!

SORRY! I'VE GOT MUH
WORK CUT OUT! ALL
THROUGH THE DESERT
COUNTRY THAR'S WRONGS
THAT HAVE TO BE SET
RIGHT! THAT'S WHERE
I BELONG! ADIOS!!



The End

You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S ?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-ARMED **SISSY** below
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10¢**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was
a skinny, sick weak-
ling. As you can see
in my "Before" Photo I
looked like a child...
years younger than my
age. I was ashamed to
take a picture in bath-
ing trunks as I do now.
I was shy with girls
because I had nothing
to show off. A few
weeks after starting
the Jowett Course my
body was the best in
the neighborhood. Now
I get respect and ad-
miration from every
fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be
soon!



Roger
Hirsch
before

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.

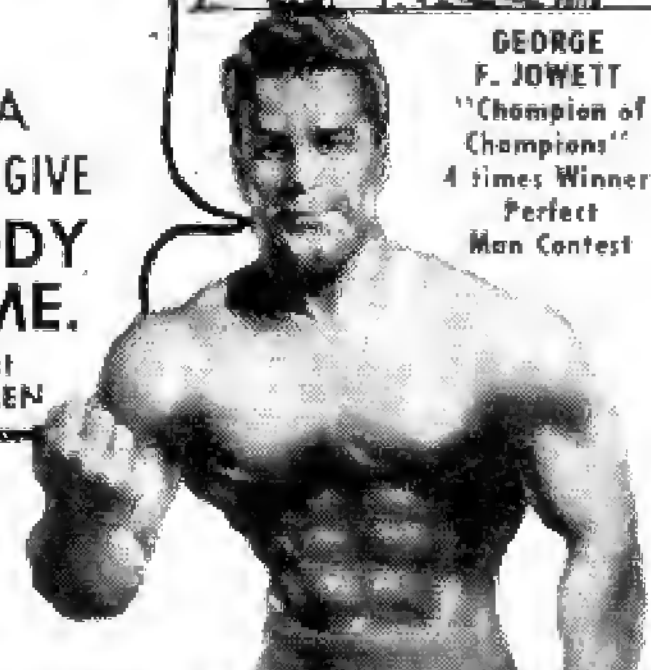


FREE

Come on, PAL, NOW
YOU GIVE ME
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
For Your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST**
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER**
by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck
to a Champion of Champions.



GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to
YOUR ARMS. Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK AND**
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY,**
SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American**
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't
cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**
Gain Pounds, **INCHES, FAST!**

"Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way
known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST,** my
"**5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER**" the only method that builds you 5-ways
fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like
champ Roger Hirsch did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did. **SO Mail**
coupon **NOW!**

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of **STRONG MEN**
2. **MUSCLE METER**

Dept. Z D'28

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Building
All around
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B. F. Kelley
Physical
Director

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Courses. 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢
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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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HAPPY the Cowboy

HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
MOVES HIS MOUTH,
ARMS AND LEGS!
REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist—in a jiffy! Imagine—you can make HAPPY the COWBOY actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of HAPPY'S mouth! See how real he looks—rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants... Show off your skill at parties—at school! **SEND NO MONEY.** (G.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

2⁹⁸ complete

Hi! I'm GINGER!
the Doll whose HAIR YOU CAN WAVE!

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

NEW!

3⁹⁸ complete

TERRIFIC VALUE!

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

A wonderful new doll in washable rubber 'Wonderskin' whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of... plastic curlers... rubber waving bands... waving end papers... plastic comb... and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

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"Little Red Riding Hood"

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SNOW WHITE THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT JINGLE BELLS THREE LITTLE PIGS JACK AND JILL RIP VAN WINKLE TOM THUMB ROBINSON CRUSOE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT WINNIE WILLIE

2⁹⁸ complete

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Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

<input type="checkbox"/> HAPPY THE COWBOY...\$2.98	<input type="checkbox"/> Stamp Outfit.....\$2.98
<input type="checkbox"/> Ginger.....\$3.98	<input type="checkbox"/> T. V. Projector.....\$2.98 (3 Films \$1.00)

Name.....
Address.....City.....State.....

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